PUBLICATIONS OF THE IPSWICH HISTORICAL SOCIETY
XXVIII

ARTHUR WESLEY DOW

HISTORIAN - ARTIST - TEACHER

By ARTHUR WARREN JOHNSON

Printed for the Historical Society

1934

Ipswich Public Library
Ipswich, Massachusetts

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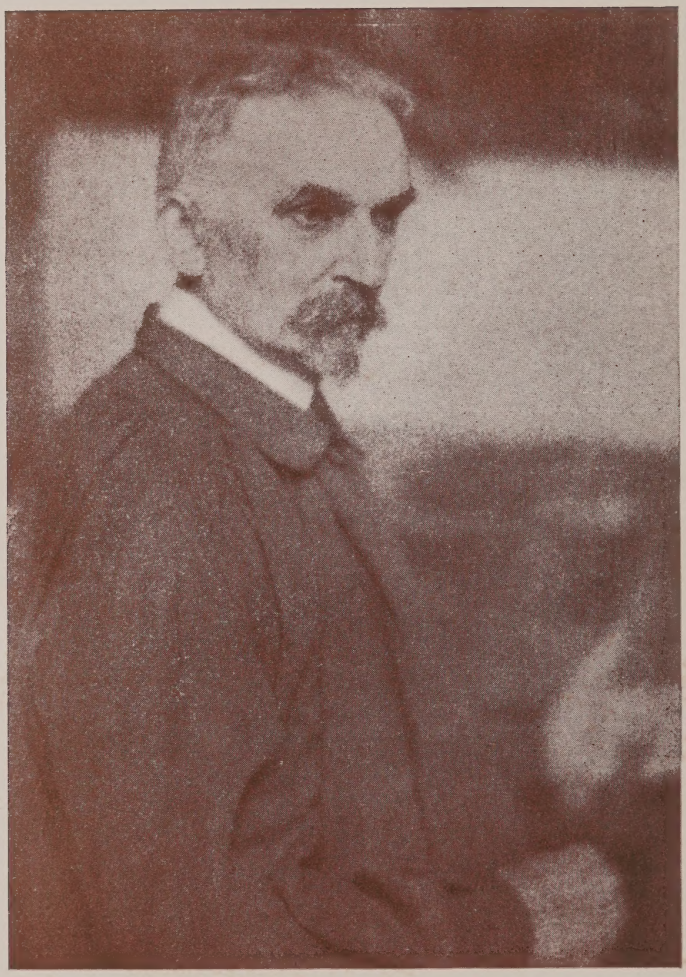
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ARTHUR WESLEY DOW

INTRODUCTION

The following study makes no pretense at being an adequate life of Arthur Wesley Dow. At most it can but intimate the general course of his life and sketch a few of his many activities.

The materials from which it is drawn are, first: an acquaintance with Mr. Dow when I was a youth in Ipswich and a feeling on my part at that time of something akin to hero-worship: second, many hours of pleasant conversation with Mrs. Dow after his death during which she explained and gave to me a keen insight into his inner life: third, from my relative, Miss Sarah E. Lakeman, a life-long friend of the Dows who spent several winters with them in New York; fourth, a large amount of written material. This last consisted of about ten thousand letters, Mr. Dow's note-books, journals and lecture notes. Part of this material was turned over to me by Mrs Dow before her death and the rest was added through the kindness of Mrs. Dow's niece, Mrs. Ethelwyn Putman.

What has been written from these various sources has been gathered primarily from the point of view of the part which Ipswich played in Mr. Dow's life. Such an approach was the natural one in view of the fact this publication is primarily intended for the membership of the Ipswich Historical Society at whose request it was done. In this connection the original suggestion came from Mr. Increase Horton, an old Ipswich friend of Mr. Dow and a Trustee of this society.

The limitations of this study are thus obvious and open to valid criticism from that large number of students who justly consider Dow the greatest teacher of art in America in his generation and who would naturally expect the emphasis to be on the central work of his life. Yet because it was never my good fortune to know him as teacher in the role of student it would indeed be presumption to attempt what many others can do far better. This will explain in part the deficiencies in this particular connection.

The problem of material has been a difficult one. With so much of interest in the letters, with so much of Mr. Dow in the journals and note-books it was very hard to omit much which natural inclination desired to include, therefore with much reluctance those things which might be regarded as technical or semi-technical are not included. This will of course be a keen disappointment to the many students whose primary interest is in this field. Because of this we voice the hope that some day this material with that included here may be knit into a fuller presentation.

When the problem of the letters was faced it seemed a task for a life-time of careful work. Due to the kind co-operation of Ralph E. Ladd, Jr., of the College of William and Mary, who, for nearly four months, worked with me ten or twelve hours a day, they were all sorted, filed, dated, either from post-markings or internal evidence, in chronological order. This accomplished each one was read with care and notes taken. When the material extracted from these letters was assembled Mr. Ladd checked all the factual statements as well as the dates. Without his enthusiastic help this study could never have been completed.

With a sincere hope that the very weaknesses of this work may be its strength; that the many Dow students throughout the country who knew Mr. Dow the Teacher may find inspiration in a knowledge of those aspects of his life with which they did not come into direct contact, we offer it to them and to his fellow townsmen of the Ipswich which he loved so well.

ARTHUR W. JOHNSON.

Ipswich, 1934.

Ipswich Public Library

ARTHUR WESLEY DOW

Historian — Artist — Teacher

James McNeil Whistler, eminent American artist, spent much of his life in an effort to forget that he was born in Lowell, Massachusetts. He tried to give finality to his irritation at that fact in the aphorism that a gentleman could be born where and when he pleased. Arthur Wesley Dow, also eminent American artist as well as historian and teacher, spent much of his life in making those about him realize that he was born in Ipswich, Massachusetts. It was by reason of this fact that he expressed in art in an especial way a purer American tradition.

If Dow had accepted the clever dictum of Whistler there is no doubt that his choice would have accorded with the facts; namely, for a time of birth that period when America was first becoming art conscious and in his particular case the year 1857. There would have been no question as to place for Ipswich satisfied every aesthetic and historic requirement for a locus of activity for one who desired to be essentially an American artist.

This town has more seventeenth century houses than any north of Boston, perhaps more than any in all New England and of them all none was more sturdy or expressive of the New England tradition than that which was the birthplace of Dow. It was the Norton-Cobbet House where lived those learned theocrats which gave to the house its name. In other days Cotton Mather came to learn his theology and around its ample hearths sat, without doubt, on winter evenings, many leaders in New England thought and activity, Gov. Bradstreet and Ann the poetess, Gov. Dudley, the Most Worshipfull Richard Saltonstall, the Most Worshipfull Major General Daniel Dennison, Nathaniel Ward perhaps and many others.

Through the generations a house takes on a personality of its own and imparts to those sensitive to receive, a sort of benediction as well as inspiration. It is not rational nor scientific so to think

but it is of the poetry of which artists are made and we should not forget that the first sense impressions Dow received were those of a house perfect in line, harmony and proportion, a rich legacy from those who had lived in the generations before him.

The years of boyhood are perhaps the most critical in human living and, unfortunately, those which leave the least record. The stream of youthful consciousness flowing with eager vigour records itself in no outward way and this holds as true for Arthur Dow as for any of his contemporaries. At best a few facts can be gleaned from those of an elder generation who remain and remember through the mist of years a few vivid impressions. And they are these: he was a shy boy, lovely to look at, characterized by expressive eyes. Among the other town boys he was always somewhat apart with interests of his own in which they did not care to share. He lived close to two forms of ultimate beauty; that of the personality of his mother and the Ipswich of hills and river, marshes, dunes and ocean.

It is also remembered that from early youth he manifested unusual gifts of cleverness of hands. He developed in his early teens a remarkable ability to adjust the mechanisms of clocks and many an ancient example of time-piece which had been silent for years took on new life and activity because of this useful enthusiasm.

It is also remembered that there was some subtle trait in the boy which set him apart from usual classifications. It was no conscious individualism yet seems to have acted as a mild irritant on the prosaic and unimaginative.

His education followed the usual pattern of that of any New England village with two notable exceptions. The first was his association with the blind scholar of Ipswich, the Rev. John P. Cowles, head of the Ipswich Seminary. Out of the silence of that blindness the mind of Mr. Cowles sought any other eager mind which might offer a fraternity of intellect. Two young men fulfilled both the desire and the demands of this venerable scholar: Arthur Wesley Dow and Harry Tyler; the former destined to rise to pre-eminence in the realm of art and the latter to become an outstanding mathematician and to occupy for many years the position of head of that department at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

So it was that day after day over a period of years Arthur

Dow sat as disciple at the feet of the blind scholar, subjecting himself to the discipline; strict, exacting yet fruitful, of Latin, Greek and Hebrew. The classical restraint implicit in this work became gradually a part of Dow's attitude toward life, moulded his habits of thought, and perhaps in later years, when he had become an artist gave strength to his innate romanticism keeping his pictures always above the reproach of sentimentalism. Perhaps the greatest effect was in his teaching for many bear testimony that it had in it those qualities of Greek drama, the strictness of Latin legalism and the inspiration of Hebraic vision. Of this trivium, which was the foundation of all his later intellectual activity, the Greek remained with him in a place of first affection and many of his colleagues at Columbia expressed surprise when they found him in moments of relaxation reading Greek poetry and drama without any modern compromise of English translation.

The other exception to the usual education of an Ipswich boy of this period was his attendance and graduation from the High School of Newburyport. Supported by the city and the wealth of the maritime tradition this school held high rank at that time in the field of secondary education in New England.

Just how this opportunity came to the young Dow is not entirely clear. While his family went back both on maternal and paternal lines to the first settlers of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, it was not a family of any appreciable wealth and this fact held true for the majority of Ipswich families at this period. Nevertheless the opportunity came and was made the most of. As a town boy in a city high school Arthur Dow was not submerged, rather he rose in the larger group to an appreciation which he probably would not have obtained in his native town. He was graduated July the 22nd, 1875 ranking in his class the first in attainment as measured by grades and rewarded with the honour of Valedictorian. The theme of his dissertation is significant, *The World's Prizes.*

Graduation from High School is a nodal point in the life of any boy. Arthur Dow shared that desire almost innate in New England boys to go to college and Amherst was the place which attracted him. He entered into correspondence with the authorities there but financial difficulties made the desire impossible of any

fruition. It was during this period of thwarted desire that he turned instinctively to drawing as an avenue of escape from the restlessness of those post graduation months. This came not from any external stimuli but as an awakening to consciousness of a latent gift. From his earliest boyhood he had tried to express through his hands a creative desire. He made water-wheels and every other boyish device of creation. With approaching maturity this desire sought some subtler form and this was found in sketching and in drawing. It must be pointed out that at this time Ipswich offered no aesthetic background of like-minded people either youths or adults. There was nothing in the personalities about him to aid, encourage or direct him. The mores of the town were organized in quite opposite directions.

Dow did not follow the usual course of awakened talent. He did not copy illustrations or pictures out of books, but looked about him in the town which he loved and he sketched the old houses, the familiar pastures, the pattern of the marshes with their creeks, the winding course of the river. Of all these things the houses seemed to hold his major attention and he recognized by instinct that they represented the folk art of his people and his race in America.

A summer of sketching passed. There was but one person who shared his enthusiasm completely and that was his mother. She, too, had an innate love of beautiful things which expressed itself most completely in all green and growing things. No one grew flowers with such love and success as Mrs. Dow.

That Autumn, in his eighteenth year, Dow accepted the position as teacher of the Linebrook Parish School. Even at this early age two lines of development in his personality were going through the experimental stage, those of teacher and of artist. It was no easy task to assume the responsibility involved in teaching such a diverse group as was found in such a school. All grades to the high school period were merged into one. The ages of the pupils ranged from immature children to adults. It was a problem which called for versatility and many sided expression. This first experiment in teaching was a success. Linebrook Parish was one of the divisions of Ipswich originating in the days of the Theocracy when population

was required to center around a Meeting House. This division was completely rural and agricultural and was separated from the town itself by several miles of country. As part of the pay for the work was given in board and lodging, Dow lived that winter among the families of the Parish, returning to the town for week-ends. The New England tradition, and the Puritan tradition survived in such communities in their purest and strongest form and gave to the young Dow an opportunity to live in the spirit of a previous century. This fact intensified an innate antiquarian interest in all the things about him.

When he sketched the old houses of Ipswich he was not content with their mere outer form, their mass and line. His mind was too eager for form alone so he sought for historical essence. He asked himself who built these houses, what manner of men had brought them into being, what dramas had taken place under their wide-spreading roofs? Even in his teens one can discover those diverse elements of his being which played so important a part in his full, mature years. Even then, beyond the artist was correlated with it the scholar and it is shown in his attempt to recreate for himself the whole picture of his houses. This led him to an investigation of the town reports. He records in a letter the difficulties of this work. Mr. Bell, the town clerk, rather resented this youthful intrusion into the staid dignity of his office. Records were to be kept and filed away neatly to accumulate dust. It was not the habit of normal young men to upset an office and blow away the dust of years. Mr. Bell developed an unpleasant habit of keeping his office locked but this did not discourage nor deter Arthur Dow.

So it was that the months passed filled with teaching, with sketching and with historical investigations. There was much of solitary endeavour in all of this. No real encouragement nor sympathy came until the year 1879. Ipswich was fortunate in its public library—a rare gift from the Heards and the Treadwells; men successful in trade and in business but differing from modern successful business men in that they had sincere scholarly interests. Books were to them important accessories to living and at their passing they gave to their town their own private collections, and funds for increasing and perpetuating as well as housing them. Over this library presided a

genius in her own right, Miss Lydia Caldwell. A studious boy is the delight of any authentic librarian. She watched Dow as he browsed among the books in her charge and was delighted because he found in books that many passed by, things which interested him.

Miss Lydia Caldwell had a brother, the Rev. Augustine Caldwell, who was stationed at that time in Worcester. Perhaps no one living at that time had a deeper devotion to the history of the town than this man. Today Augustine Caldwell is but a memory to a passing generation but of all the sons of Ipswich none ever reached a deeper mysticism and sweeter spirituality than was the essence of his personality. The tragedy of his life lay in the fact that he was born out of season into a New England still too stern and narrow to understand the sweet gentleness of quietness in religion.

It was to Augustine Caldwell that Miss Lydia wrote of Arthur Dow and she did this because her brother was a pioneer in the history of the town and she was convinced that each would find in the other the companionship of kindred pursuits.

In about two hundred and fifty years of history Ipswich had produced but one local historian of note, Joseph B. Felt who had published his thin volume in 1832. To this should be added the work of Abraham Hammett which was completely genealogical and never completed due to his untimely death. He left the results of many years of labour in this field in the form of rough notes which were deposited in the keeping of the Ipswich Library. There they remained tucked away into an obvious oblivion until rescued by Augustine Caldwell. A scholar himself, Caldwell read these papers and quickly realized that in their field they represented scholarship of a very high order therefore he resolved to edit and publish them.

New England antiquarian interest was in its swaddling clothes at this time and in Ipswich town was no more than a mild interest in folk-lore. When Caldwell began his work of editor he soon realized that he had involved himself in a difficult task because if they were to have any permanent value the various lines would have to be completed. He laboured under the difficulty of living in Worcester away from all Essex County records which were necessary tools if the task was to be finished. Miss Caldwell saw in the youthful antiquarian enthusiasm of Arthur Dow the thing which

her brother most needed: someone to work in Ipswich and to co-operate with him in securing necessary data.

Augustine Caldwell was quick to realize the opportunity and entered into enthusiastic correspondence with Dow. This meeting through the medium of the written word was the foundation of the organized history of Ipswich. Within a few weeks Augustine Caldwell, venturing in perfect faith, received Dow into a partnership and scholarly equality which reached fruition in two sets of publications; the Hammett Papers and the Ipswich Antiquarian Papers.

It is interesting to note in passing that it was not a relationship of disciple and master but rather of two equals, each acknowledging the necessary interdependence. The work was divided in this manner. Augustine Caldwell arranged the material, set up the type and printed it by hand, corrected the proof, and wrote part of the text. Dow collected and checked data, made extracts from town records as well as County records, investigated local traditions, attended to the distribution of the publications and, more important, made the illustrations.

Up to this time Dow had sketched for his own pleasure with apparently no thought that his work had any value. Now he had a definite object in view, he was making sketches for publication. He began anew a series of Ipswich houses. He did this without any formal art training, completely ignorant even of the laws of perspective or any of the other fundamental devices which are the stock and trade of the artist. He never seemed to question his ability nor was courage lacking in this venture for it did take courage. Ipswich was no exception to any other New England town where every young man was expected to do very much like every other young man. Certain iron compulsions hedged about any who had desires to do anything fresh and new. A young man sitting hour after hour sketching old houses; such had never been done in all Ipswich for two hundred and fifty years. It mutely offended the practical New England common-sense for it seemed a waste of time and it was art. There still lingered the Puritan conviction that art was somewhat synonymous with sin, at least it was not a manly thing to be doing.

It is recorded by Dow that this sketching of the old houses was a very difficult task for people came to watch and no New Englander

can watch anything in silence. The old men of the village offered criticism, the young men something near unto jeering and the women added new material to carry on the most ancient of their occupations — gossip. It was a test of moral strength but when Puritan meets Puritan neither yields, each had to meet the other with tolerant intoleration. Thus Arthur Dow began his career as an artist among the severest critics he ever was to meet and the harshest criticism; that of the small chatter of the market place.

Dow was not daunted by any of these things, rather it seems to have encouraged him and over a period of many months accomplished his end. The results can now be seen in the bound volumes of the Antiquarian Papers. Unfortunately, these papers have become rare items and can only be purchased at great price from collectors but those fortunate enough to possess a set can still feel the charm and the utter simplicity of their illustrations.

Out of the primary problems of these sketches arose others which were to enlarge the artistic horizons of Dow. He solved the problem of the sketch but to print it required some bridge from the one to the many. The first solution was in having them heliotyped in Boston. The result was always an irritation to the young artist; in some subtle manner they offended his artistic sense. The result of this feeling was the beginning of a series of experiments in wood engraving and lithography. He sought with eagerness any information he could obtain. In a letter he confesses that in all Ipswich he could find but one book on lithography and that it was fifty years old. With this scanty knowledge he went to work cutting blocks from pear wood. The first few prints from such blocks were successful but soon, under the pressure of the printing, the wood broke down and the experiment ended in dismal failure. When Augustine Caldwell learned of this work, sensing a double difficulty, he obtained a supply of box wood and sent it to Dow with the result that some of the illustrations in the Antiquarian Papers were wood engraved.

Augustine Caldwell was, in his spiritual life, quite outside of the New England tradition. His spiritual living revolted against the scarlet emotionalism of current Methodism and at the same time the fading greyness of current Congregationalism. He looked not to Calvin and Wesley but to the Quietists of France and found in

Madame Guyon that attitude toward the religious life which satisfied his soul's hunger. There was no translation of her works known to him, so for years he had been translating short passages with that difficulty of one who knows a language without instruction and only through a dictionary.

When he discovered that Dow had a gift for language he set him to the pleasant task of translating Madame Guyon. It would seem that nothing for years had brought Caldwell the joy which having a smooth translation gave him. This translation was set up in print in his hand press and distributed in the form of tracts.

If one examines the current tract of the period with its sticky religious sentimentalism one can easily imagine how almost incongruous those of Caldwell must have been. Within the Methodist Church with its naive blatancy of that time it does not seem possible that one of its ministers could have been disseminating this sweet Quietism of Madame Guyon, yet the Dow translation of much of her work as published and edited by Augustine Caldwell must stand as a rare monument to an obscure movement within that Church. Unfortunately this work seems quite forgotten but those who are historically minded do sense some subtle change in Massachusetts Methodism beginning with this period. None can measure their influence, none know into what hands they fell and it seems quite certain that no complete set is to be found now but it is known that they were widely read at the time.

Only sensitive souls can appreciate genius in its early stages. It is quite obvious from his letters that Augustine Caldwell was convinced even before he met Dow personally that he was associating with a spirit which had natural endowments far beyond those ordinarily found in a person of his age. Caldwell was accounted by his fellow-townsmen as a man quite bereft of practical common sense. If this were true he had something far richer, namely deep intuition and the ability to appreciate qualities ignored by the majority. The lives of men like Caldwell, when studied, always prove how far wrong popular estimates are. He was the first to see, to encourage and to propose to Dow the need of a formal art training and he was not content with mere words.

He knew the financial limitations of the Dow family, which

while small, consisting as it did of the mother, the father and one brother, were not adequate for any considerable capital outlay. It was not a question of poverty in the usual sense in which it is considered. The family was equal to the needs of any normal family but genius need advantages beyond ordinary economic competence. At this period college education was the prerogative of the distinctly and consciously wealthy. And art education, requiring as it did longer years and European study, was something quite outside any ideas current in a New England village. None sensed these difficulties with clearer insight than did Augustine Caldwell. He met the problem with a certain conscious historical perspective for he knew that in those periods when art had flourished it had done so under deliberate patronage. His problem became for him a simple one, namely that of finding some patron who would become interested through his recommendation in one whom he considered to have more than ordinary talent. Among his many friends was Professor Moses Farmer of Salem and this friendship and admiration included the whole Farmer family. Professor Farmer was an inventor of eminence rising through his peculiar genius to considerable material success. The Farmers were typically New England in all their attitudes and modes of life. Knit together by mutual love, Professor and Mrs. Farmer with their daughter, Sarah, each contributed a share to mutual interests. Through the good offices of Augustine Caldwell they met Arthur Dow and there is ample evidence of immediate liking and admiration for him. While generous, they were never lavish with the means at their disposal. Human investments were treated with the same shrewd common sense that material investments were considered. They did not move with haste. They looked at his work and found it pleasing and for this reason gave him several small commissions to execute. Through them he sold his first painting to a Salem family in 1880.

This contact with the Farmers was preceeded in actual point of time by his first meeting with Caldwell. Their association had been through the medium of work and letters for many months. The latter invited the former to spend several weeks with him at his home in Worcester at the Easter season, 1880. After this long period of contact only through the written word, this precipitation

of the friendship into actual contact must have been fraught with difficulties for both, yet they found a common ground of intimacy above the disparity of ages and the visit was a success.

Caldwell had anticipated it with usual thoughtfulness. Worcester, as an urban center had something of an art consciousness. A Mrs. Freeland was giving art instruction with considerable success. To her Caldwell went and made arrangements for his young protege to receive instruction during the length of the visit. These constituted Arthur Dow's first formal instruction in art. Of Mrs. Freeland's abilities as artist and teacher little is known. She taught over a number of years both in Worcester and Boston. She probably never realized that in this transient pupil were talent and ability which would lead him to pre-eminence in the field of art.

This visit marked for Dow in his own thinking his definite determination to devote his life and his energy to art. When he returned to Ipswich he brought this idea clear and decisive and he never turned back from the decision of those weeks. This is very evident in his manner of life from then on. Every day he sketched, experimented, studied the form, mass, and colour about him. He would get up in the dark and find some elevation and there study the colour of the sunrise, and the setting of the sun would find him in the same place with inquisitive eyes set in the opposite direction. The people about him, types of weather-beaten men interested him and he would get them to sit and talk (which they loved nothing better to do) while he sketched them, adding to his increasing skill of hand rich material for his collection of local folk-lore. Nor was out-of-door work all. Within his home he continued to work at wood engraving and essayed some experiments in heliotype production, though this latter did not meet with eminent success according to his own confession.

It was during the latter part of 1880 that his career as a solitary Ipswich artist came to an end for he found in Everett Stanley Hubbard, a neighbour of the same age, talents and aspirations common with his own. There began a friendship which continued through many years. It ripened through days of companionship spent in sketching round about the town. They would choose the same subject and each interpret it in terms of his own reaction, then

offer mutual criticism. To the joy of companionship there was much of the pleasant zest of competition.

If this period added much to his competence it also added to Dow's conviction of the absolute necessity of formal training. The few lessons received in Worcester taught him how much there was to know and the way of that knowledge. His work in Ipswich alone and with Everett Hubbard gave him no false notions of an art to be perfected in solitude through a process of trial and error. His innate sense of the historian led him directly to the knowledge that art had a long past and an orderly development and that every artist must acquire contacts with it. Augustine Caldwell realized this also and subscribed to art magazines, read them himself and sent them on to Dow.

Dow evinced a desire to know great art at first hand and none had to tell him how this might be accomplished. The Boston Museum of Fine Arts became to him a magnet and on every visit to that city most of his time was spent among its collections. He would spend hours before a single painting examining it with critical eye, making notes and attempting to discover the secret of its power. He would return from such days to Ipswich with freshened enthusiasm which always resulted in new experiments. Of these one of the most illuminating and amusing was his attempt to build a synthesis of figure study. He felt that the human figure was so complicated that it should be approached by a mastery of lower forms of life, forms not rich in emotional expression. The basis of any form was the skeleton, so he began a series of studies in skeletal observation which culminated in those of a cow. By happy (or unhappy) chance one of these creatures had met a natural death on Little Neck, a section of Ipswich some four miles from town. Thither Dow went with a wheelbarrow, gathered up the fragments and brought them to his home. He remarked in a letter that they smelled like a night in Egypt. It is a tribute to a patient and understanding mother who could permit an intrusion of these relics into the sacred precincts of a New England kitchen for the process of boiling and bleaching. This being accomplished, not without certain olfactory difficulties, he articulated them and studied the manner and use they had as a frame for the moulded curves of the living animal. When this

knowledge had been mastered he went forth into the pastures, to paint and sketch the living animals.

One might feel that such individualistic and untutored work could have little benefit but such is contrary to the fact as can be adduced from some notes which he made when he visited an exhibit of the Boston Art School after this work. These notes show that the experiment had quickened his critical faculties for he records that some of the paintings of cows which he saw there showed a fundamental lack of knowledge of the cow herself; for if one knew how a cow was put together one could not be guilty of the gross misconceptions of bovine anatomy exhibited there.

During this period he added to his study of art in the Boston Museum and in the various art exhibits a quiet investigation of the state of art instruction in Boston. He turned his attention first to the Museum School of that city. It would appear that this school was well thought of in those days (circa 1880) yet when Dow visited it and found that in the work there was no attention or instruction given to landscape painting he deliberately turned his back on it as a place for him to study. Returning to Ipswich disappointed but not discouraged he renewed his own personal efforts to master a technique as best he might.

He discovered early the secret of diversity in effort that the main concern of his life might not become dulled from too much concentration within a limited field. He would devote a whole day into transmuting a carpenter's awl into a proper engraver's tool through a process of hand-grinding. He would go early to Salem and spend a day at the Registry of Deeds office, gleaning primary historical material for the Antiquarian Papers. Another day would be spent in the ancient town burying yard in the accurate copying of inscriptions and sketching of the rude decorations on the stones. In these latter he recognized instinctively the form of an indigenous folk-art and it pleased him. He preserved this work in a paper on tomb-stone decoration in New England and illustrated it by examples.

He still continued his interest in the old houses of the town. A subtle change came over the natives in their reaction to this activity. Their first response was a mixture of jeering contempt, which did not however prevent them from watching him work. When they

saw the completed results, neatly recorded in black and white they looked a second time with a different point of view. There, within a small area was caught their homes and they loved them. Quietly, one by one, came commissions from owners who, with a sentimentality which they would have denied, liked these sketches and treasured them. Some of them are still preserved in families about the town even to this day.

At this period through the medium of the written word he made the acquaintance of his cousin, Joy Dow, of New York, who was engaged in writing the Dow genealogy. It was a relationship of mutual pleasure and the elder Dow confessed his delight and appreciation of his young Ipswich cousin who was able to straighten out obscure lines of descent, attested by page and line historical reference; material which professional genealogists could not even obtain at a price.

Beneath this activity a spirit of restlessness was evident. The letters of the period clearly show this. None realized more clearly than he did that he was passing through a rather critical period. In that he had deliberately and consciously set before himself the task of becoming an artist, he wanted to utilize his time and effort to accomplish that end. There was no one in Ipswich and no tradition either to help or follow in the way he sought to go. His objective was quite foreign to all of his contemporaries and he knew that the most he could expect was scant sympathy.

Much of this restlessness had its origin in what seems to have been a precocious critical attitude. The result of his hours spent at all the current exhibitions in Boston was a return to the Art Museum where he made comparisons between those which current standards considered living and vital with those of other ages and generations secure in fame and attainment. Fortunately he records his reactions to this laboratory test of his own devising. In brief he was convinced that most of his contemporaries who were exhibiting in the Boston galleries had little in common with those masters whom he loved and admired, and the former were, to his way of thinking, not artists in any sense which he cared to be. He noted that the artists of the period, even though most of them did receive the praise of the press and the critics, did show a very obvious tendency to avoid hard work

and to attain clever effects through the avoiding of the necessary discipline involved.

One branch of art then popular in Victorian Boston was that of the "crayon portrait". This form of art and the artists who indulged in it provoked at least mild invective in Dow. In his own words he describes them as "men who make maps of faces in crayon" and then added, almost bitterly, that "he supposed he too, in order to get the money necessary for a decent art education, would have to become a '*Boston Crayon Artist.*' "

In writing a summary of his impressions of the exhibitions he had seen in Boston to Augustine Caldwell he comes to this conclusion: that of all the pictures he had seen, only those of one man, namely, Frank Duveneck, seemed to him to be real authentic art, the kind to which he wished to attain. This has more than passing significance because every critic since has followed Arthur Dow's opinion of Duveneck.

This period of questioning came to an end in the year 1881 In February of that year Dow began his formal art education. The various steps which led to this beginning are not quite clear but this much is evident: the family of Moses Farmer of Salem made a definite material contribution, Augustine Caldwell played a definite part in the Farmer decision to help, and the artist himself reached a point where he did all within his power to begin at that time, risking all that he had in the venture. There were also two rather silent partners, his mother and Miss Lydia Annable, his aunt. Miss Annable was the epitome of New England and art as such was quite outside her practical philosophy of life but her devotion to her nephew was an almost blind unquestioning affection.

The school which was chosen was that of Mr. J. M. Stone of Boston. His school was the most vigorous in Boston at that time. Still a comparatively young man, Stone was an artist in his own right, trained in the strict academic tradition of Germany to which had been added considerable experience as a teacher. Beyond this he was in intimate contact with many contemporary American artists and his studio was a rendezvous of art students returning from the Continent as well as art teachers.

The method of instruction followed closely the pattern of that

given in the art centers of Europe at the time. The studios were located on Tremont Street and the instruction was given five days a week and covered the usual academic problems of perspective, line drawing, form and colour. The classes were given a fresh problem each day; still life, lay figures and living models. Each student was required to approach the problem in his own way receiving suggestions and criticisms from Mr. Stone.

In passing perhaps it is well to note and to catch if possible some of the spirit of the school. The students were not bothered with any problem of rugged individualism nor blatant self expression which seems to be the chief concern of the modern art student. On the contrary, the feeling and conviction was that the student must merge himself as completely as possible into the form and manner of the art tradition which was looked upon as an eternal verity. The result was a spirit of conservatism, hard-working and conventional. Its very strength was its weakness. Each student must force himself into the mould and within its limitations, held to be necessary and valid, express himself with as much power as possible.

The models were always presented to the students in costume. In fact, the Victorian spirit was so strong that both teacher and students were quite convinced that when they drew a model in a Spanish or French peasant costume they were painting the human figure, full, complete.

Arthur Dow entered into the spirit of the school completely with vigour and enthusiasm and he worked many hours after classes, always as long as the light would permit. Mr. Stone was immediately attracted to this new student and friendship developed rapidly. With quiet indirectness he learned of Dow's financial limitations and to relieve the problem of the narrow margin, which was indeed narrow when considered in terms of present values, he offered him sanctuary in the studio. A cot bed was moved in and transformed into a studio couch and in exchange for this privilege Dow assumed the duties of keeping the studio swept and garnished.

Dow records his pleasure at this arrangement with almost youthful pathos in a letter to Caldwell, for to him as he wrote the very atmosphere of the studio was an inspiration in itself and he felt, sleeping as he did with Venus on one side and Hercules on the

other, that this close association with the inherited beauty of the past had some mystic salutary effect on his spirit.

With this new arrangement the relationship of teacher and pupil was erased and its place taken by a rich companionship. These two men spent their hours of recreation in the discussion of problems of their work and the men and movements in the art which was about them.

In the middle of this new and happy season a shadow crossed the life of the artist. It was the illness and death of his mother. From her he had received only encouragement and sympathy in and with his desire to fulfill his own destiny. She was to him the flowering of the best of New England, those qualities of silent understanding coupled with the sweet conviction that all things in living were from God who did all things well. He realized completely and never forgot that it was from her that he received his first lessons in the appreciation of beauty. The home in which she trained her sons was a home always filled with flowers, within and without. She had loved the hills and the marshes and the creeks of Ipswich before her sons were born and she passed on to them that love. Both of her sons in their living never departed from the ideals which she had made part and essence of their beings and the one as artist and the other as landscape architect fulfilled with the years the dreams which she had for them as youths.

Arthur Dow mourned the loss of his mother, not with any violent emotionalism; rather with a quiet reserve which intimated the greatness of his loss. He returned to Boston and lost himself in his work.

His friends entered through sympathy into his loss with that peculiar nobility which characterized the Victorian era and of which so much has been lost in our own. When summer came, Mrs. Farmer, with the delicate intuition of the mother that she was, realized that Ipswich was not the place at that particular time to which the protege of their family should return. She knew that daily association with memories of his mother would accentuate that loss with a poignancy too dangerous for his sensitive spirit. Consequently with a charming and quiet indirectness she arranged for him

to spend the summer in Concord, New Hampshire, there to paint and to sketch in a new environment.

That was the wise provision of a wise heart. In Concord Dow saturated himself in another aspect of the New England landscape. Ipswich was familiar, a boyhood had been lived in every lane and on every hill of the town. Concord was different and he soon discovered these differences and recorded them in color and form.

Previous to his work at Mr. Stone's school he was in the estimation of others an amateur artist. The most his fellow townsmen would offer for his sketches was twenty-five cents. This first summer out of Ipswich the same kind of work was bringing him ten dollars for a sketch and this marked his transition to the status of professional artist. From then on in the fullest meaning of the term art was his profession.

The first Concord summer was spent in hard work and when it was over there was a short interlude at Ipswich and then he returned to his second winter in Mr. Stone's School.

This second winter marks a broadening interest in the life about him. He recognized the danger, probably through the kindly counsel of Mr. Stone, of being too completely immersed in art.

Various people in Boston caught his attention. Among them was Phillips Brooks, whose acquaintance he made both through the pulpit and the home of the gifted preacher.

This period marks an interesting, though transient phase of his religious life. He had been trained in the strict New England tradition of piety, family prayers, plain living and theological churchliness. In Boston, perhaps because he was trying to organize his entire world in terms of aesthetic concepts, he reacted against this tradition and came into contact with the ritualistic movement in the Protestant Episcopal Church as exemplified by the parishes of the Advent and St. John the Evangelist. This interest was a natural one because of the beauty of the services; the color and the picturesque dignity seemed a form of art, taking him for the time from that older tradition which looked on beauty with innate suspicion.

The intensity of this interest can be measured by the fact that he seriously contemplated confirmation at the Church of the Advent.

Whether he did so or not is uncertain. It is recorded that he did receive communion from several Episcopal Churches.

News of this interest was not long in reaching Ipswich town and that pillar of New England Congregationalism in Ipswich, the Rev. T. Franklin Waters, wrote him a splendid paternal letter advising him to attend each Sunday, without fail, Park Street Church, historic Brimstone Corner. In the letters of this period there is more than intimation of a deep inner struggle on the part of the artist between his inherited theological world, which he sincerely loved and respected, and this newer one in which beauty held a conspicuous place.

This widening of interests extended also to his reading. In that field he became attracted to Poe whose beauty of diction held him entranced. In Boston of this period when Poe was still relegated to Limbo this must have been an individual discovery but it shows clearly that the language of art in any of its manifestations speaks its own tongue.

Against his better judgment but because of the problem of money, at the close of the teaching year at the Stone School Dow offered some of his work for sale. As a result he disposed of six water-colours at a good price for the period. He also entered two of his oil paintings in a current exhibition and each won a premium. This was the first official recognition of him as artist.

From his own record the great event of the year at Stone's was his meeting with Duveneck. As a friend of Mr. Stone Duveneck visited the school and studio and by chance saw Dow working. He did not remain silent but expressed an interest in the young student's work and out of this first meeting there began a friendship which continued until the death of the elder artist.

During that year Dow began to do some teaching. His first students were a Mrs. Fitz, to whom he taught flower painting and a Mrs. Moore, whom he instructed in painting, a very modest beginning for one who was to rise to be the foremost art teacher of his generation.

As the year came to a close Augustine Caldwell put into words for the first time thoughts that must have been common to them both, namely what should be the next step. Neither of them seems to have had any real doubt as to what it was but the difficulties involved

were so apparent that each had kept silence. The elder took the initiative and wrote with perfect frankness that it had been in his mind for a long while that any art education to be adequate would necessitate European study and it would be the path of wisdom to make plans according to that end.

When the idea had crystallized out of their thinking and had been faced squarely and openly it resulted in certain very definite activities on Dow's part. He needed to accumulate money and it was out of the question to do that through the sale of paintings. The only other course open was that of teaching. He went to Mr. Stone for advice which was freely given. It was to start a class away from Boston and not in Ipswich. After due deliberation the place chosen was Clinton. Stone had connections there and could prepare the way for him.

In the late spring, when the school had closed for the season, the artist moved to Clinton and organized a class. It was not a large one, and seems for the most part to have been made up of young ladies, who, in the Victorian tradition, considered a polite knowledge of art one of the necessary assets of the well cultivated lady.

This first venture into serious art instruction probably was not a great financial success but it did show conclusively that young Dow did have powers beyond individual creative work which could be successfully used to direct, to guide and impart the technical side of art to others.

Teaching proper young ladies in the year 1882 had its mildly humorous side. Current canons of good taste did not permit the well-bred girl to wander in the open fields by herself to sketch and to draw nature as individual fancy might direct. Like nuns they must go two by two. Also art classes were somewhat of a phenomenon in Clinton. The editor of a local paper observed and described it in his columns as a "peripatetic sketching class" which had the appearance of "animated mushrooms."

Another event of profound significance occurred during that year. It was the chance meeting of the artist and Miss Minnie Eleanor Pearson of Lowell. Miss Pearson was the daughter of a prosperous merchant family of that city. After her formal education she attended the New England Conservatory of Music and Mr.

Stone's Art School. Thither she came one day to receive a criticism from Mr. Stone. The door was opened by Arthur Dow. How much of subtle fire passed in that first meeting is not known; but some inner awareness between the two personailties beyond the limitations of words did occur.

It must be recorded that Stone was still a young artist and that he saw in Miss Pearson something more than a student. His admiration for her had been fast developing, according to the niceties of current traditions, into an approaching declaration of intentions beyond friendship. This chance meeting at the door changed all of this. The situation was a delicate one but the well-bred instincts of all three saved it from becoming an unpleasant one. Miss Pearson received Arthur Dow into her circle as an admired friend.

This friendship developed with a poise, dignity and restraint quite foreign to our current mores. They had much in common and the result was a comradeship of mind and spirit. As one reads the correspondence between these two over the long period of years which preceded their marriage one cannot help but feel that with the passing of the Victorian era something quite fine, noble perhaps, went out of living. There is inspiration even in coming into indirect contact with two people who were able to submerge their entire personalities in common aims and to enter into a quiet partnership of idealism without haste or emotional disturbance. Their living through the years was like the growth of plants into the ripeness and glory of the perfect flower. They achieved naturally a perfect union which only death was to dissolve for a short time.

This friendship which increased more and more gave fresh impetus to Arthur Dow, gave him a new eagerness to succeed, implanted within him the restlessness of high ambition. The world became for him now a larger world. He generated energy like a dynamo. There is difficulty even in listing the various activities in which one finds him during these years. Each week he still translated a certain amount of Madame Guyon's work into English from the French. He continued active work on the Ipswich Antiquarian Papers and the Hammatt Papers. It should be noted that the latter, once they permeated libraries and centers of historical collections, were in great demand and one series became exhausted the year of

their publication. An interest developed in modelling and when light was not strong enough for painting he would get out his plaster and clay and work with that until sheer physical exhaustion overtook him.

During the time he was in Boston he planned his life with definite ends in view. He wanted to be a whole, well rounded personality and sought in all that was about him new ideas to add to his artistic background. He writes in a letter that he enjoyed attending a lecture on Voltaire, given in French, and adds modestly, that he understood most of it.

When Mr. Longfellow died he attended the funeral. This he found a rather unpleasant experience (as a rule New Englanders do find a certain sort of pleasure in funerals). The displeasure came from mixing Holy Scriptures and Hiawatha into a new form of academic burial service.

Because he had Miss Pearson to share all his ideas, to offer criticism and suggestion he read more widely in order that he might have more ideas to share. Much of his background of art history was accumulated during this period.

This friendship with the dream of marriage accentuated the problem of bread and butter. The first class at Clinton was as much of a financial success as he could have expected. After all expenses had been paid he had saved over one hundred dollars which was set aside as the beginning of the fund which was accumulating that he might realize his dream of Parisian study.

While living in Clinton he earned his board by doing a crayon portrait of the daughter of his boarding mistress and he intimates that the quality of the art was equal to the commodity received. While crayon portraiture irked him more than any form of art work he found compensation in a commission he received from Mrs Farmer for a daisy field.

The Clinton class was followed by one at Brentwood, N. H., another in Rumney, N. H., then one in Exeter, N. H. and finally one in Ipswich. Of them all the one held in Exeter was the largest and most successful from a financial point of view. In that town he hired a building and converted it into a studio at his own expense. The class opened with twelve students and soon grew to larger numbers.

He leased his building for a period of three months and the rent for that period was the modest sum of twenty-five dollars. He found Exeter an ideal place for art work. This was contributed to largely by the presence of Phillips Exeter Academy, which, with its faculty of intellectuals gave the town an urbanity not found in the other places in which he organized classes.

When his Boston friends discovered the success of the Exeter work they became somewhat alarmed feeling that if he became involved in teaching that it would interfere with his career as creative artist. This conviction several of them expressed to him in letters. None felt the difficulty of the situation more than the artist himself but he kept his own counsel which was that he had received as much as Boston could offer him at that time in formal training and that for more complete development Paris school training was necessary and with this end in view the means of teaching could be justified. There was wisdom in this line of action. Through teaching he realized fully his own limitations as artist.

While in Exeter he discovered Ruskin and, as many another art student had done, took him seriously to heart. He accepted the Ruskin point of view completely and sincerely, little realizing that years later he would be refuting with success each of Ruskin's major premises. Through the Ruskin influence he intensified his work in clay modelling. The strain of long hours of sketching was having an unpleasant effect on his eyes and he found that through the evening hours working with his hands in clay rested them.

It was during his stay at Exeter that his interest in the High Church movement reached its maximum intensity. He confesses to Augustine Caldwell in a letter that in his studio there he said his prayers each morning and night before a crucifix, between lighted candles. The whole arrangement was neatly concealed behind studio hangings. The rise and wane of this interest in aesthetic emotional religion would interest the modern psychologist for it parallels the period in his life from the death of his mother until his emotional nexus was safely fixed in his affection for Miss Pearson. In that he found a safe emotional escape by this mode of religious feeling, temporary though it was which would justify, at least on pragmatic

grounds, the whole unhistoric system involved in the Protestant Ritualistic Movement.

This Exeter period was rich in many ways. It opened up a series of contacts with people there, gave him greater faith in himself and courage to express his own personal reactions to the accepted standards in the art he found about him in New England.

Out of this individualism he declared that once and for all he was ready to starve rather than to turn his gifts into the making of knick-knacks, the painting on plush, and the decoration of sea-shells and china. He realized fully that the majority of those about him who considered themselves artists in good standing did not hesitate to turn their talents to cash accounts in doing these things. His revulsion to crayon portraiture was just as strong.

The Ipswich classes were the most difficult of the series. Such was natural and to be expected. They were held in the building of the Ipswich Female Seminary through the kindness of the family of his old preceptor, the Rev. John P. Cowles. His students were, for the most part, town girls. In Dow they saw nothing more than a fellow townsman to whom, in their rugged individualism, they would never quite surrender allegiance. Every suggestion he made was received with question. This was perhaps the best possible training for a teacher of art, or any other subject for that matter, for it presented difficulties which called for all possible tact and patience. Historical honesty requires that it be written that Ipswich received its first art movement with scant enthusiasm.

The letters of this first teaching period show that he was looking at life with care and discrimination. In Exeter he had received many invitations to the various social events in connection with the academic life. At first he accepted these as part of his duty but after a season he resolved that henceforth he would spend as little time as possible in such activities, not from any anti-social feelings on his part, but because they added little to his living and took time which he considered could be more profitably spent.

The teaching at Exeter taxed his strength and, more dangerously his eyes. He found that he had to give up evening work completely; painting, drawing or working in clay. Although he found this

condition very unpleasant yet he, with that gift which is preeminently that of New Englanders, discovered good in evil.

When he returned to Ipswich he deliberately spent his evenings in a series of meditations on art. This was the beginning, without doubt, of that whole philosophy of art which was to be formulated with such success later. It is both interesting and profitable to read the results of these meditations as he recorded them in notes at the time. He discovered that his greatest pleasure in life came from either planning or executing a picture; that the pleasure was equal in both instances and of the same intensity for a small as for a large one. Out of this thinking he looked anew to the external world wherein was most of the material from which must come the objective reference of all creative work. He found this external world neither such an obvious nor as simple a one as his art teachers had reduced it to in the class room. He summed the whole thing up tersely in this line, "*Mystery has an important place in art, and my ambition is to paint natural objects and to throw over them the air of poetry and mystery that they have.*" This ideal of quiet evening was never lost and every Dow painting that exists shows that it became the foundation of his artistic creed.

Some intimation of the ceaseless activity of the man is contained in the fact that when he moved his studio equipment to Ipswich he brought some seventy paintings and these must have been the fruit of but two years work.

He confided the difficulties which he was experiencing with his eyes to Augustine Caldwell. He, in turn, recognizing in that trouble a very grave danger wrote to the Farmers who were then living in New York. Their concern was even greater and they immediately sent for him to come to New York as their guest and consult with the best specialist they could find. The situation was a delicate one for Dow and the Farmer family recognizing this in advance bridged the difficulty with kindliness and tact.

This first New York visit was a journey of revelation to the artist. He visited all of the New York galleries and museums, kept notes of all that he saw and his reactions. Today people go to New York either to have a good time or to make money, not so Dow. He went to explore any form of beauty that might be stored within

the city. He visited various churches with all the fervour of a pilgrim and the breadth of spirit to which he had attained is attested by the fact that he found pleasure and spiritual edification, something inherently hard for one of Puritan traditions, in the services of the Roman Catholic Cathedral. He enjoyed a sermon by a visiting ecclesiastic there and found nothing in it contrary to his inherited notions as to what a good sermon should be. Gregorian plain-song spoke to him a language of simple beauty and he recognized immediately that it was sincere and great art. St. Mary the Virgin, the ritualistic Protestant Episcopalian Church, intrigued him with the intricate patterns and obvious showmanship of its services. He revelled in the simple dignity of old Trinity, received communion there and found in the act spiritual help. Attending the Jewish Synagogue, the Hebraic melodies seemed to him an authentic form of historical beauty with which he felt everyone should be acquainted. At the other end of the religious rainbow, after the violet of cassocks and the mauve* of Episcopalian ritualism he found in the rather scarlet oratory of Henry Ward Beecher something which reminded him of Ipswich town and the background in which he had been reared.

Not all of his time was spent in galleries and churches. Evenings found him at the theatre and the concert hall. At the former it was Ellen Terry and Henry Irving and at the latter Patti, who, as artists in their chosen fields gave him the inspiration of aesthetic mastery of a chosen medium.

Each day of the New York visit required a certain amount of time which had to be spent with the eye specialist. The one visit was not sufficient but a second one was necessary.

As the year 1883 progressed Paris study became more certain and every activity was directed to that end. Every possible dollar was saved from his classes and he even compromised with his detested crayon portraits. In a short time he had commissions amounting to sixty dollars worth.

Those weeks of that year which were spent in Ipswich saw a definite beginning of an avocation which he was to continue in his leisure throughout his life and that was the collection of local folklore, especially ghost-stories. No one at that time, save the young

* "Mauve is just pink trying hard to be purple." — *James McNeil Whistler.*

artist, thought them worthy of preservation but he recognized in them certain traits of his own people which were worthy of observation. Consequently he went about quietly obtaining these stories and legends, seeking out the older generation, exercising the requisite patience and tact necessary to rescue them from the secret places of the mind. In this work of love he had all the thrill and difficulty of the pioneer. Those of his fellow townsmen who had intellectual curiosity scorned anything so outside the pale of historical factuality as folk-lore and were quite free in expressing themselves in terms which were anything but flattering.

Years afterward when a different school of historians had exerted their influence on the elder school of dullness and it was found that Dow had among his notes a large collection of this material it was sought for with eagerness, but he, remembering the earlier attitude of these same people, kept his note-books for his own use and it would seem that it was his hope that sometime he might have leisure to arrange and to publish this material. Unfortunately he never did and among his literary remains none offer greater fascination.

Because of his eye strain he had to use great discrimination in his reading. He delighted in Thoreau and shared with him his dislike for botanists and kindred scientists who killed in order to satisfy a futile and useless desire to classify and weigh down with names, missing the whole essence of beauty inherent in living things.

Whitman "swam into his ken" and he seems to have completely disregarded the usual prejudices which were the polite attitude towards the poet. Dow, in a letter, says that he felt Whitman was writing things he did not understand, but was guided by intimations from an unseen world as was the case of all great poets.

Byron was also added to his literary enthusiasms. He entered into a literary compact with Miss Pearson, the object of which was a joint reading of the complete Shakespeare corpus. Their method was for each to read a previously chosen play at the same time and to write to each other the individual reactions. This study was no casual evening's reading of a play, but rather a slow analytical process and a self imposed discipline which many people go to college to have thrust upon them unwillingly.

In all these activities not for an hour did he ever forget the objective which he had set himself — a full and complete art education. Neither the irritation of eye strain nor financial discouragements dimmed this enthusiasm. Several times conditions required that he cut deeply into his slowly accumulated capital. Months ahead he set the date of departure and he kept faith with that date. It was October the fourth, 1884.

The Farmers entertained him for several days before he sailed from New York and to make his pleasure complete they invited Augustine Caldwell to bless the departure. When the day came and the little group gathered at the pier it was a complete testimony to that faith and confidence he had in himself and that which his friends had in him. Beside the Farmer family and Augustine Caldwell there was Joy Dow, his New York cousin.

That day marked the departure of the first native son of Ipswich to study art in Paris in two hundred and fifty years of its history. Augustine Caldwell described the scene in simple prose in a letter he wrote immediately to Miss Lydia Annable. It all becomes very vivid in those faded words, perhaps because they were simple words and they tell of the eagerness in the face of the young artist and that there were no tears of farewell, nothing but joy and confidence. As soon as the boat was out of sight of land Dow wrote his first letter out of America to Caldwell and in it he said that the day had been possible because Augustine Caldwell had encouraged him above all others through the difficult years when those about him in his native town neither understood nor cared.

Dow soon made friends on the boat. He found several students who were Paris bound with the same end in view as his own. The common purpose united them. It was discovered that he knew more French than any of them, and some of them knew it not at all. The result was that each day the Ipswich artist conducted French classes.

The port of destination was Antwerp. In the letters written on the boat there is probably much that any young man would have written on a first voyage across the Atlantic. There is the record of the reactions which were his when he first saw that land which is England, the early home of his people. Somehow one feels that

this universal experience of indigenous Americans went a little deeper into the consciousness of the artist than it does with many.

In Paris he had his full opportunity to test the validity of his French and he found that it was not wanting. He took a room at the *Hotel des Universe et Portugal* and straightway went about the formalities of registering at the Julien School. This he did quietly and efficiently. There was eagerness in all he did, a controlled youthful exuberance. Paris at that time was suffering from a plague, which, when news of it reached America kept his aunt, Miss Lydia Annable, in constant terror. Even though it raged all about his hotel, life was too interesting for the artist to give it but scant attention.

When Dow arrived in Paris his total cash resources were no more than three hundred dollars and he had no certainty that when it was gone more would be forthcoming from any source. This did not seem to disturb him greatly either. He was in Paris and was a student at the Julien School and that was all that mattered to him.

This school was largely attended and was international in its makeup. Into this large complex group Dow took his place and entered into its work with a zeal which at times was near to fury. The two masters who presided over its destiny were Boulanger and Lefebvre. At that time there was universal acknowledgment that they represented the highest technique of formal art training. While one may look back over the years and conclude that the tradition they represented was cold, formal, academic and without much vitality one also has to acknowledge that no formal art training has ever equalled it in thoroughness and sincerity.

After the first few weeks Dow realized that the training offered was not one which could be mastered in a few months so he quickly resolved on a minimum of three years of study. He was convinced that either a complete mastery of this technique must be gained or else the whole experiment would be futile, for, as he writes, he did not want to return to America until he was, "completely an artist as the world reckons formal standards."

Though Dow revolted completely from this academic method later it is also true that while under its discipline he accepted it completely. That is probably as it should have been.

It was not many weeks before he won the praise of his masters. While this pleased him, so also did any biting criticism which was merited for his work.

Many have quaint notions that art life in Paris is a wild, gay, dissolute sort of living with a little work and much pleasure. It has ever been so in fiction and tawdry drama but those who entered the life in the spirit for which it was intended found themselves bound to exacting schedules of long hours. It was usual for Dow to be at his place in the atelier by eight in the morning and for him to work there until noon. After a brief lunch period he would return to work until the light failed him. Sundays would find him at the Louvre, notebook in hand, making a close study of the masters there as to their composition, their colour, and the way they applied their paint. He seems to have had a definite system for the analysis of paintings.

As a joint product of a Puritan heritage and birth into the era of Victoria it was but natural that the artist should have many delicate problems of inner adjustment. First, there was the problem of Sunday work. The traditions which he inherited and those in which he had lived looked askance at such activity but it became necessary for the Sunday *concours* or examinations decided a student's position in the atelier. After much vexation and searching of spirit he reached the very sensible conclusion that he should not let scruple interfere with his progress in art so he did what was necessary without question.

Because, as already intimated, the Julien School was international in make-up it naturally followed that an equal variety of ethical points of view would be in evidence. This range of difference also held in matters of financial status. There were students of wealth who did not take their art with over much seriousness and there was also abject poverty. On the side of ethics in this variety of human conduct represented there was much to shock one nurtured on theological brimstone, even though it may have been slightly perfumed with the incense of High Church Anglicanism. Dow was thoroughly shocked at the behaviour of some of his fellow students. To be sure he did not wear that indignation in any self-righteous smirk but rather hid it under a calm exterior and saved it for con-

fidences in letters to his American friends. It was his first experience with men of education who openly scoffed at both morals and religion. It would have been natural to expect a reaction in Dow against his training because he had a burning curiosity about life and all that was about him, yet his innate humanism held him always in the middle of the road, the most pleasing walk in life. It does not forbid one from looking at what is happening in the hedges that line that particular way.

His own point of view seemed to represent for a season that of a minority of one. That was true until his meeting later with Mr. Henry Kenyon of Providence, Rhode Island. Kenyon was an older man and he had been a student in Paris before. These two men met and found each in the other a common bond of idealism. Henry Kenyon was of the Quaker faith, gentle, sincere and of profound though quiet convictions. It was to him that Dow turned in his many perplexities and found understanding and sympathy. These problems of the young artist do seem very minor ones to us of another generation. No doubt they seemed quite insignificant to the mature Dow, but at that period they were very real and very vital in his living. This friendship begun in Paris continued through the lives of both men.

It would indeed be giving a false impression of Dow's art life in Paris if all that was recorded was of work and study. There was indeed much more. The Paris schools seethed with competitive spirit. There was a real and bitter rivalry with the German schools, especially those represented by Munich and its teaching traditions. Students migrated between the two, fought wordy battles over their various merits. They met in each other's rooms and talked long hours with heated words. In all this Dow did not doubt for a moment that the Parisian was the best of all possible methods of instruction.

Then there were happy meals with fellow students, the discovery of new and often cheaper cafes. There was much interplay of criticism of one another's work.

After the first few months of intensive work the artist soon realized the immensity of the field in which he found himself and he found that one could not do all things well; that it was better to

specialize in one phase of art work, one which particularly appealed to the individual taste and interest. Then began a season of experimentation, a season of trial and of error and out of it came the conviction that sunsets and twilights, soft coloured landscapes were the things that spoke to him personally the most poetic language of art. From this decision of his first year in Paris he swerved very little throughout all his creative years.

During the first winter in Paris he added to his instruction at the Julien School work at the Ecole Nationale des Arts Decoratifs. This was evening work, free it would seem to all art students. It required work until very late hours but it had its compensations. Chief among these was the presence of Millet who acted as critic of the students' work. Dow warmed greatly to this master and recorded that he was more like a father to the students than a critic. He would go about from student to student, speaking to each, never with any academic severity, but always with a word of encouragement. Dow counted this as one of his richest of Paris experiences.

He allowed himself certain activities outside his work. Among them was occasional attendance at the various theatres of Paris. The one actress who impressed him above all others was Sarah Bernhardt and he never missed an opportunity to see her in any new role she assumed during that time.

Once in Paris he began regular and extensive correspondence with Miss Pearson. The separation convinced them both that their friendship had progressed to a point where some definite understanding was both possible and desirable. This conclusion was not reached without considerable soul-searching by both of them. On the one hand Miss Pearson was living in a background of moderate affluence. She had attracted by the charm of her personality several young men of assured wealth. Dow, on the contrary, had nothing to offer but his sincerity and the possibilities of his genius. They both faced the problem squarely and with frankness and the result was that he wrote to Miss Pearson's mother of his feelings and his desires. Mrs. Pearson, unlike many mothers of that period, or any other for that matter, felt her daughter's happiness to be above any considerations of wealth or social position and she wrote the artist, with innate grace and delicacy, that as far as she was concerned he was free to

direct his ambitions to that goal which he sought and Mr. Pearson joined in the assent.

This gave to Dow the inner quiet he needed to work. The letters exchanged from then on became more intimate, quite often long dissertations on art and artists. In them all there is a serene faith in each other and a conviction that time would grant them that which they so much desired.

The Julien School ended its session on the last of April and there was the problem of how best to spend the summer interval. The decision was to go to Pont Aven in the Province of Finistere, Brittany, for summer painting. He went there about the first of May, 1885.

This section of France retained all of its native primitive charm. It was a country of old houses, churches and quaint customs. The population, Bretonese, still carried on their living in conformity with customs of other ages. There were the wooden shoes, the lace caps and collars. The language was distinctive of the section and while some of the people spoke French everyday life was conducted in the Breton language.

As far as can be learned the invasion of this section by artists other than French was recent. That summer saw a small colony of American, English and Dutch art students. They centered in the towns of Pont Aven, Concarneau and Quimperle. These towns were actually not more than villages and all, except the last were not to be reached by railroad.

The life was colourful with its cultus of local saints, its Druid remains, its folk-ways and traditions. There were fairs and market days. Into the life Dow came and he took lodgings with a Madame Glounec in her Breton tavern. Living with her was not expensive as all the necessities of food, heat and room were but twenty dollars a month.

The unusual event of that summer was the unexpected visit of Augustine Caldwell. It was caused by unhappy events in his own household. His wife, following a time hallowed tradition of many New England women, associated herself with a peculiar cult in which she rose to a position of leader. According to its belief she had become the bride of Jesus and with such a conviction the position of her

husband was not a pleasant one. The Farmers, always staunch friends of Caldwell, felt the best solution of the difficulty would be a complete break with his associations and to that end they arranged for him to visit France and England. He arrived in Paris in time for the opening of the Salon, the great annual art exhibition of France. Dow met him there and they spent a week of sightseeing After this they went to Pont Aven. It must be confessed that Caldwell was a complete innocent abroad. Caldwell had but a few words of French, generosity which was a fault and the younger man had to assume all responsibility for his friend which included that of language, programme, and movement from place to place.

The days at Pont Aven were halcyon days for both. They browsed among the old churches and the Druid remains, they walked from town to town. While the artist enjoyed a relaxation from work which was probably good for him and no doubt the Farmers had this in mind when they sent Caldwell, he did chafe at the knowledge that many precious days of perfect weather were lost to his painting.

After several weeks of this pleasant living Caldwell left for England, leaving a troubled Dow in France. This was not without justification as events proved. The first few weeks in England Caldwell traveled about with no definite programme, going from place to place as interest and whim dictated. He quite forgot to inform his American friends as to where he could be reached by post. He was so lost in England that he paid scant heed to any necessary material considerations. The result was a natural one. He found himself eventually in England without either funds or friends. Not that it seemed to trouble him over much for he was happy to wander about the highways of England, sleeping in the hedges wherever he found himself. Anticipating this condition Dow came to his rescue with funds.

After the departure of Caldwell the artist began work with something akin to fury. At Pont Aven the discipline was self imposed and there were no demands except those of an inner obligation to art and to accomplishment.

It was here at Pont Aven that Dow had his first chance to work out his theories and desires relative to sunsets and twilights. In this work he developed a skill of colouring which was envied by his

fellow students and they confessed that none of them could equal it.

As the summer waned Dow had to face the problem squarely of his future. It was primarily a problem of money. He was convinced that without at least another winter of Paris study and another summer in the country his whole French stay would be fruitless. He had practically exhausted his funds so he did the only sensible thing which he could do. He wrote to his friends in America and stated the problem as clearly and simply as possible. Four friends responded. Professor Farmer, Mrs. Fitz of Boston, a cousin in Philadelphia and Mr. Mann of Ipswich. The latter was a late comer to the town, English by birth and a florist by profession. He had a keener appreciation of art than those about him. Before Dow left the town he had talked with him and Mr. Mann expressed his interest, assuring him that if, when in Paris, he ever found himself in financial difficulties not to hesitate to write for he was willing to help him as far as his limited means permitted.

The result was that four responded with loans of one hundred dollars each which assured another year in France. With this comforting knowledge he continued in Brittany until December and then returned to Paris to the Julien School.

This second year in Paris did not differ much from the first except in some minor respects. He made it a practice to spend Saturday afternoons out in the country about the city working from nature. By this time his mastery of French was greater than that of most of the non-French students and much of his spare time was taken up with students who lacked this knowledge. One suspects that many of them imposed more than slightly on Dow's good nature.

His old teacher, Mr. Stone of Boston, sent several of his students to Paris that year. When they arrived they all went straight to Dow and he assumed the responsibility of making arrangements for them, including places to live and registration in the school. All of this consumed much valuable time and though Dow realized this he never lost patience but felt an obligation to extend to others as much kindness as was possible.

The first six months of 1886 were spent at the Julien School and in June he returned again to Brittany. With him went a new group, mostly Americans. Again Dow assumed all the responsibilities

both as to departure from Paris with the problems of tickets and luggage and at Pont Aven with lodgings and passports. He wrote that he had all the work of conducting a tourist agency without any of the profits.

The group seems, for the most part, to have been a very congenial one. The full realization of the depth of the comradeship they enjoyed came when one of their number died. He was Mr. Cluny, an Englishman. He had contracted typhoid fever. At first none of them realized how ill he was. Local medical skill was not of the best and it was not until the last few days of his life that the diagnosis was given. Those days were ones of terrible suffering for the young man and the rest of the group stayed in turn with him constantly. It was Dow who took leadership at the crisis and after the death. He sent for the parents as soon as he realized the seriousness of the condition but they did not arrive until too late. It was Dow's difficult task to meet them and to inform them of the sad news, and to make the funeral arrangements. The whole experience was difficult. The parents, overwhelmed by the death of their only son, were quite helpless in a strange country. Dow sent to the coast for a Church of England clergyman, while another student, an American, sent for a Presbyterian missionary in the vicinity whom he knew. Madame Glounec, with her simple Breton piety and her attachment to Cluny, complicated the situation by adding a priest of the Church of Rome. The latter was in a helpless situation and quietly withdrew on the day of the funeral. The other two arrived simultaneously with the family at Pont Aven. The Anglican was of the High Church persuasion, the Presbyterian was Scotch of very decided convictions. They immediately got into theological difficulties and the funeral was much delayed because of a heated discussion of the Seven Sacraments. Madame Glounec looked on with somewhat of scorn and while the others were talking or trying to prevent over much talking she made her own arrangements. The result was a funeral such as probably had never occurred along all the coasts of Brittany before. There was a Breton funeral procession with candles and crucifix, incense and candles. The Anglican parson modified the prayer book to suit his notions, gave last absolution and did many other things probably not authorized by His Britannic

Majesty's Church. The Presbyterian preached a long sermon at the grave. Dow suffered through it all as did the parents. When it was all over he accompanied them to the coast making all the necessary arrangements for their comfort. When he returned the shock of the death and the tenseness of the days caused a reaction in the artist. His spirit was dulled and work was performed without enthusiasm for many weeks.

When his spirit was at its lowest, by a happy chance, there came an event which gave him the fresh inspiration he needed. It was the visit of Miss Sarah Farmer, daughter of Professor Moses Farmer, to Pont Aven. It was a week of happy association and encouragement.

That same summer also presented another problem in the form of a protege of Mr. Stone of the Boston school. As the letters always refer to him as "Smith" or "Mr. Smith", identification is difficult. Whether he ever rose to any position of note in the art world is not known, nevertheless to Dow was given the responsibility of guiding his art career in France. Smith was a man in middle life who had turned to art from taxidermy. In France he developed a passion for cows and was quite convinced they were the highest theme for any painting. Without any French at all he was quite helpless in procuring subjects for models. Dow therefore went about the countryside as a procurer of cows, or rather Smith would wander about and fix his zeal on a particular cow and demand that Dow obtain it for a model. The Breton peasant was not used to having his kine used for such purposes and Dow was forced to tax his Breton vocabulary to the limit to convince them that Smith had no sinister designs on the animals. One gleans a rather amusing picture of Dow leading some specimen which appealed to Smith into the proper background, often miles from the natural habitat of the animal, procuring a boy to mind it while Smith painted to his heart's content. Smith, among other things, was a New England invalid which means there was nothing particularly the matter with him at any given time, but all the time he suffered from a series of odd maladies which required sympathy for their alleviation. Chief among these was a punctual ten o'clock cough which would last until eleven.

In the group was another student, an American from the Stone

School, who brought to France with him an over-fondness for New England rum.

The fact that he was from this School implied certain obligations on the part of the rest of the Stone students in Paris. Just before they left for Pont Aven this young man strayed from ways of rectitude and squandered all his money in the ways of sin and rum. Dow and the others each contributed from their not over-abundant resources and brought him with them to Brittany. There they took upon themselves the task of his moral salvation, a not unpleasant task to any group of New Englanders. The letters intimate that his life was hedged about with a ring of iron discipline. The experiment was not a success and before the summer was over the young man returned to America, a failure in art. He died a few years later. In fairness to this artist his associates all granted him more than a usual share of talent, genius perhaps.

The summer passed with considerable success despite all the distractions that hedged it about. Dow returned for a third session of the Julien School. It passed very much as the previous ones had but to chronicle its life and experiences would take more space than can be afforded in this brief study.

When this session was completed activities were again transferred to Pont Aven, this time with a definite end in view, preparation of a picture for the Paris Salon of 1887. With all the stiff formality of the Paris school method, entrance to the Salon was the ultimate test and objective of all the training. The artists submitting work to this annual exhibit were many and the number chosen comparatively few. Entrance followed certain definite canons and individuality and originality do not seem to have been included. It would appear rather that to be accepted one must paint with a certain mastery of technique within certain limited fields. Admission was a necessary step in any artist's life. It carried with it a sort of public acknowledgement that student days were over in the formal sense and that the successful entrants took a definite place in the contemporary art world as recognized artists in the international sense.

While it must be confessed that admission requirements were cold and formal yet the fact remained that they were high and were

maintained with rigid impartiality. Two goals all students worked for; the first was admission, and the second was to have the successful picture hung on the line and not "skyed", that is hung above the first and central row of paintings. Failure in this second goal was considered as fatal as failure in the first.

When Dow arrived at Pont Aven he chose his subject and he made an unfortunate choice in many respects. It was to be a painting done in grays and soft colours. Gray days that summer were the exception rather than the rule and when they did come they usually came with downpours of rain, a condition which made painting impossible.

Probably at no time in his entire career did Dow go through such weeks of tenseness and worry as he did that summer. Studies were begun, reconstructed and then rejected; the painting itself was started and worked on for weeks and then abandoned. The system of mutual criticism, while of immense value, kept the entire group in uncertainty. There were cycles of work, elation, discouragement, all attended by nervous strain. A difficulty which had to be met was the fact that for several years the Breton country had been used for Salon landscapes and each student had to know all previous paintings in order that there would be no repetition of a previous scene.

The Pont Aven group contained many of the students of previous years with a considerable number of "nouveaux". Among the group of the year previous was Mr. Smith. With but a short period of study at Julien's to his credit he decided to venture a picture for the Salon. Everyone, save Dow, considered it folly and did all they could to discourage what they considered stark madness. Dow alone encouraged Smith and offered criticism. It goes without saying that the subject was to be a cow.

The weeks went by with rapidity and the day of entrances approached finding that students, for the most part, had just begun their paintings. At the most critical moment in Dow's work news came from Ipswich of the death of his aunt, Miss Lydia Annable. She had been as a second mother to him and no news could have had a more unfortunate effect on his work. The letters clearly reveal that

from that day his mind was never entirely on his painting but always in part in Ipswich town.

It was during this summer that Dow came into contact with one of that great triumvirate of artists who were to cut a wholly new path in art tradition. The triumvirate was Cezanne, Van Gogh, and Gauguin.* It was the last whom Dow met. There is practically nothing in his letters of the meeting or the extent of the intimacy, but there is a picture in which they are photographed together. It might be conjectured that Dow's reaction to the Paris school method began with that meeting, but so far there is nothing in the material at hand to warrant any such statement.

Added to the tenseness centering around the final preparation of the canvases was the problem of frames. It was the custom for students to make their own and thus save a large expense. It was a long and tedious process. Dow supplied mechanical ability for the group and most of them were sadly lacking in it. A few days before the admission they all pooled their work, packed their canvases in common crates and accompanied them to Paris. When it is recalled that Pont Aven was not on a direct route to Paris the difficulties of this last step become evident.

The formalities of admission were long and complicated. Dow submitted two paintings, one which he had done his first summer at Pont Aven and the one into which had gone a whole summer's labour. Then came a period of anxious waiting.

When the results became known it was found that of the Pont Aven group which had worked together that summer but few had been admitted. To the great surprise of everyone, himself included,

*Gauguin was born in Paris in 1848. His father was a journalist, his mother a Creole of high descent. His earliest years were spent at Lima with a great uncle who was Viceroy of Peru. Subsequently he was educated at Orleans. He entered the merchant service but left it for a stock-broker's office where he was very successful. He married in 1873 and had five children by his wife. At the age of 25 he renounced his family and work and devoted himself entirely to painting. He was a pupil of Pissarro. In 1886 he visited Martinique for a year and on his return settled at Pont Aven. In April, 1891 he went to Tahiti for two years; returned there in 1894 and remained until 1901 when he went to the Marquesas, where he died in 1903. Latterly he lived as a native.

Mr. Smith's cow was among the chosen. More than this, it was placed "on the line".

Dow had submitted two paintings, one which he had done during his first summer at Pont Aven with the one which had the Salon as a definite end in view. The former was accepted and the latter rejected. The disappointment of this rejection was balanced by the knowledge that two years previous, when he was still in his twenties, he had been able to paint a canvas which was sufficiently good to pass all the requirements of the Salon and to make the 'line'.

He remained in Paris long enough to make a careful study of the work represented at that exhibit and then left France for England and spent some time in study of the national collections. From England he returned to America and to Ipswich.

The first few months after his home-coming were probably the most trying to the spirit of the artist. It was not an easy task to make the transition from the happy, enthusiastic companionship of like-minded friends to the aesthetic isolation of a New England town, where art was still considered as reaching its zenith in the crayon portrait, and skill considered in terms of ability to paint flowers on velvet.

The years in France had one salutary effect and it was that the native town was examined with eyes trained to see the utmost possibility of any landscape. He discovered the best subjects in the old familiar scenes and the first weeks were spent mostly out of doors wandering about the hills, among the dunes, over the marshes and into the apple orchards.

He did not return without a purpose. He had a very definite one in view; an exhibition of his work in Boston. He was not content to show there a series of French subjects for he never forgot that he wished to be an American artist.

To that end he set to work with the zeal of a prophet, proclaiming in pigment the happy message of beauty which he found in the seasons as they wrote their changes into his familiar landscape. First, he caught the evanescence of the apple blossoms, then the full glory of the marshes, and the sun on the sands until autumn came with its finality of goldenrod and frost flowers.

Painting filled his days and his evenings were occupied with the making of frames.

He had arrived in Ipswich in June and before the month was over there came an offer to take charge of the newly created department of Fine Arts at Oberlin College, Ohio. In that offer he had to face again the old question of painting or teaching, a problem which vexed his entire career. At this juncture of his life he felt that if he accepted this offer it would mean a definite end to his work as creative artist. He talked the situation over with his colleagues and friends. They assured him that he would be wrong to sacrifice his talents for a life of teaching.

There was also more involved than the primary problem. If he accepted the offer it would mean that he could marry Miss Pearson within a short period as the position carried with it an assured income. Naturally he laid the whole matter before her and it is a testimony to her faith in him, and the greatness of her spirit that she advised against the certain course for the rather uncertain one of gaining recognition as an artist. Consequently he rejected the offer, prepared for his coming exhibition and made plans to return to France as soon as possible.

His situation in Ipswich was not entirely pleasant. The majority of his fellow townsmen received him, not as one who had accomplished anything definite, but as one who had indulged in an expensive experiment and had nothing tangible to show for it. Entrance into the Paris Salon was quite meaningless to them. His whole life seemed to them a form of madness and this painting day after day of their marshes, which had value only in terms of marsh hay, was a manner of life with which they had scant sympathy.

The year 1888 began with almost feverish preparations for the exhibition. The place chosen was the Chase Galleries in Boston. Every detail received meticulous attention. Each frame was designed and executed by the artist as an individual entity to harmonize with the canvas it was to limit. His invitations were an innovation. They were individually printed from an etching drawn and executed by himself. The total number sent out was seven hundred and the list included the personal social lists of several of his Boston friends. The catalogue was also free from all commercial influence and shows

delicacy of feeling in its composition and poetic instinct in the choice of titles for the pictures listed therein.

The venture was a success. From the financial point of view the gross sales were eight hundred and fifty dollars, which, all things considered, was a remarkable showing for the premiere of an hitherto unknown artist. The press was favorable and generous with space and comment. All the reviews spoke in terms of praise save one, that contained in the Boston Journal. In fairness both to the artist and the paper it should be pointed out that the critic was a girl from the West without any formal art background (and without any training) except that of her obscure home town.

Dow recorded in letters his reactions to the various criticisms. He welcomed disapproval of particular paintings with the same serenity as he did praise of others and in many cases was in complete agreement with the disapproval. His own critical faculties were alert and he followed closely all the press notices of exhibitions of other artists and recorded his own independent judgments. At that time Boston condemned John Singer Sargent, Dow on the contrary felt their criticisms carping and not founded on any intelligent approach to the work of that artist. The same held true for Frank Benson. Every critic in Boston spoke in terms of condemnation of Benson* at this period, not so Dow for in his letters he points out merits to which the press was completely oblivious.

Among the paintings which the artist sold at his first exhibition was his "An Old Road", which had for its theme a Breton twilight. This brought two hundred dollars. An Ipswich canvas, called

*Frank Benson was born in Salem, Massachusetts, 1862. He was a student at the Julien School, 1883-1885. He won the Cleveland Art Association prize, the Shaw Fund prize, the Society of American Artists prize, the Clark prize, the Ellsworth prize during the years 1900-1901; also a silver medal at the Paris Exposition of 1900, a gold medal at the Carnegie Institute in 1903, the Lippincott prize, 1904, two gold medals at the St. Louis Exposition of 1904, a gold medal at the Philadelphia Art Club in 1906, a silver medal from the Corcoran Gallery in 1907, the Potter Palmer medal and prize at Chicago in 1910, the Logan prize from the Chicago Society of Etchers in 1918, the Corcoran gold medal in 1919 and many others. He was twenty-six years of age when he was in popular disfavour in Boston: but later, when he won recognition in large measure elsewhere, the Boston school of criticism accepted, as it usually did, the judgment of others who were free from the limitations of provincialism.

"Thicket Pasture" was purchased for a private gallery in Beacon Street, Boston.

From among the collection two stood out from the rest in popular estimation. The first was his Salon painting as was natural. The other was one called "Twilight". One of the collection came to Ipswich by purchase. His old friend who had encouraged him beyond the use of words, Mr. Mann, purchased his "Catherine's Cottage"

Beyond any acclaim of press or cash value of sales the reaction of his contemporaries in the Boston art world and beyond meant most to him. They all seemed kindly disposed, Duveneck was enthusiastic and he meant more to Dow than anyone else. Out of their various opinions one thing they held by common agreement, and that was that the artist had more than usual abilities as a colorist.

Out of this exhibition came the funds necessary to return to Paris for further study.

At the same time Miss Pearson had been continuing her art training in America. When her family found that Dow was returning to France they thought that she also should have at least a year of French school work. The factor in this decision was the knowledge that she would not be alone in a strange country but would have Arthur Dow to watch and guard her and their anxiety would thus be reduced to a minimum.

Mr. Henry Kenyon, who was in this country at the time, decided to return to France with them as did also two of Miss Pearson's lady friends. A party was formed and they all sailed for Paris in April. Just before the departure Miss Pearson's family announced the engagement of their daughter to Arthur Dow.

A few weeks before they left Dow did two crayon portraits realizing from them sufficient money to pay all his expenses to Paris. He wrote that he hated these portraits like scorpions.

The paintings which had not been sold at the exhibition were turned over to Miss Sarah Farmer, who requested them for an exhibition and sale to be held in connection with her annual Summer Fête in Eliot, Maine.

The departure was so timed that they would have ample time in Paris to see the Salon of that year. To Dow, now that he had the company of Miss Pearson, Paris was a new city to be discovered all

over again and to be shared with her. Much time was spent, as was natural at the Salon and at the Louvre. After several weeks of complete happiness and rest the whole party left for Brittany. Miss Pearson and her friends stayed at Pont Aven and Concarneau while Dow with two colleagues went to a lonely island off the coast for a season of painting there. From descriptions in the letters it would appear that this island was one of the most desolate on the French coast. It was sparsely inhabited by a small colony of fisher-folk, possible to reach only at low tide. Life there was very primitive but the richness of subjects for painting atoned in some measure for the Spartan life necessary.

During his stay on this island he nearly lost his life. He had taken one of the clumsy Breton boats to row along the coast with a desire to find new subjects for painting. The boat was caught in an off-shore current and swept out to sea. It was happily brought back with its precious contents by a Breton peasant who bravely swam out to the rescue.

The work in this desolate place had two things for its objective; the Salon of 1889 and the Exposition Universele. Not wishing to submit more of the usual Pont Aven scenery, now too familiar in Paris, it was thought that this out-post of France would yield something fresh and new, and it did.

The island life was pleasantly interrupted by short visits to the villages where the women students were working. This regime gave Dow a double incentive for he always returned to Pont Aven or Concarneau, at whichever place Miss Pearson was working, with a quantity of fresh material to submit to her critical eyes. He received her inspiration and returned for another period of intensive activity.

During one of these interludes the cheering news came from America that one of his paintings had sold at Miss Sarah Farmer's Fête for the sum of two hundred dollars.

The results of the summer's work was a goodly collection of finished paintings. Two of these were submitted to the Salon and accepted. It was the year of the Exposition Universele. It occurred but once a decade and its canvases were chosen from the best of the previous ten years exhibitions or any new material which might be submitted. Acceptance in this Exposition was the highest honour to

which any student in the world could aspire, or any artist for that matter. Dow submitted what he considered his best picture and it was accepted. The title of it was "Au Soir".

When the Salon and the Exposition opened Dow found his three canvases on the line. At the latter, when the awards were given his painting received a "Mention Honorable". When one considers that there were over three thousand pictures admitted, many of them by artists with international reputations of long standing, such men as Whistler and Sargent among the Americans, one gains some intimation as to how far towards success Dow had travelled during these years and the extent to which he had taken advantage of his opportunities.

These paintings elicited much favourable comment in Paris. John Singer Sargent was attracted to them and personally congratulated the artist. So also did Alexander Harrison.* Charles Davis,** who was also one of the jurors of the Exposition, pronounced Dow, "one of the best landscape painters America has".

The Boston Art Club, learning of his Paris success, immediately purchased one of his paintings. Appleton and Company, who were issuing a portfolio of American art sent for photographs of some of his representative work to include in their publication. The Boston Paint and Clay Club, to which he had been admitted to membership immediately after his first Boston exhibition, made arrangements while he was still in France for the exhibition of two of his paintings.

*Harrison was born in Philadelphia and graduated from the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts; also the Ecole des Beaux Arts. He was a student of Bastien-Lepage and Gerome. He had been awarded honorable mention in the Paris Salon of 1885; a Temple silver medal by the Penna. Academy of Fine Arts in 1887; a first class gold medal at the Paris Exposition of 1889, the same from the Munich Salon in 1891. He was a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, 1889, Officer 1901 and Officer of Public Instruction by the French Government. He was on the Jury of the American Arts section of the 1889 Paris Exposition.

**Davis was from Amesbury, Massachusetts, born in 1856 and a student of the Julien School under Lefebvre and Boulanger. He had a ten year record for exhibiting at the Paris Salon. His paintings are to be found in the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts, New York City, The Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington, The National Collection, Washington, D. C., The Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Massachusetts, The City Museum of St. Louis, The Art Museum of Syracuse, The Hackley Gallery, Michigan, The Art Museum of Worcester, Massachusetts. He received the Lippincott Prize in 1901, the Altman Prize of one thousand dollars in gold, 1917, the Jennie Lessen Gold Medal and the Saltus Medal in 1921.

Two of these paintings, the one which won such marked favour at the Exposition Universele, "Au Soir", and one of the Salon pair, a painting which showed a large sweep of sand dunes, and an old boat against a green Brittany background, returned to Ipswich to hold places in his Ipswich studio which was built in later years on Bayberry Hill.*

After the art season was over in Paris both Mr. Dow and Miss Pearson returned to America. They arrived in August. He came to Ipswich and she returned to her family in Lowell.

The transition from the breadth of French art life to the natural provincialism of the town was even more difficult this time but he loved the town and for that reason quickly made all the necessary adjustments and entered again into the life about him, not as one having made a name for himself in international art circles but as any other citizen of the town. The only difference in his attitude and conduct was that he flatly refused to paint flowers on velvet or plush to please Ipswich ladies who still felt such an accomplishment to be the ultimate test of a great artist.

The remainder of this year, 1889, was spent in hard unceasing work. Every nook and corner of Ipswich was explored for motifs and he followed the waning year through its every nuance of colour, mood, and change.

*The ultimate disposition of these paintings is interesting and it is well to record it. Due to a burglary in the Bayberry Hill studio, the winter before her death, Mrs. Dow had them removed to the Ipswich home. Shortly after the studio was burned. After that she turned them over to the writer to be presented eventually, either to the Newburyport High School, or the High School in Ipswich. When they were first taken from Bayberry Hill, the frame of one was so heavy that it was left there and was destroyed in the fire. The writer decided that as they had always been in Ipswich perhaps it would be more in accord with Mr. Dow's wishes to have them remain there. The Ipswich School Board accepted them with reluctance, the Chairman** felt that it would be a misuse of public funds to supply the missing frame for anything so impractical as an oil painting. Two years after the death of Mrs. Dow, however, they were formally presented to the Manning High School of Ipswich. The long delay was due to the continued reluctance of some members of the Board to supply the frame and only when Mr. William Russell, of Ipswich, a life long admirer of Dow, offered the frame at less than cost was the matter adjusted. In fairness to the Principal and the teachers of the school it must be recorded they received these priceless gifts with enthusiasm and appreciation.

**The Chairman was a Mr. Smith.

When winter came with a new year, there was a transition from creative work to the less pleasant details of exhibition. In January, 1890, he exhibited his "Dewy Morn" at the St. Botolph Club in Boston. Pictures were sent upon request to Rochester, Round Lake, and Chicago to be exhibited.

In amount of work the past months had been very productive. He had set himself the minimum of eighteen studies a week, this apart from pochards. At the January exhibition of the Boston Art Club, Dow's work was included. That club had an amusing system of hanging. All the pictures were gathered in one place and the committee looked at the frames and disregarded the subjects within. The various types of frames were sorted by the rule of similarity and then hung on that basis. In that Dow designed his own frames they would not fit into such a dull and conventional scheme and so had to be relegated to a section apart from the others. One of his best paintings was thus placed as badly as possible.

In February he held a joint exhibition with Walter Gilman Page* at the Boston Art Club Gallery. He also sent some of his work to the New York exhibitions.

In June he sold one of the Salon paintings in New York at a very large price for that period. Between these various activities he was in residence in Ipswich.

During the summer of that year he organized and conducted the first session of the Ipswich Art School, an institution which was to grow with the years until its registration was over two hundred students. It started modestly enough with about fourteen students.

As the Dow paintings began penetrating the art consciousness of the country, artists became attracted to his subjects, especially his American ones and they realized that the place called Ipswich must be one of rare charm and rich possibilities for the painter. Out of this came the long list of artists who worked in the town. That year

*Page was a native of Boston, a graduate of the Boston Latin School. He had four years of study to his credit. Examples of his work are to be found in the Massachusetts and Vermont State Capitols, the City Hall, Portland, Maine, Colby College, and Tufts College. He organized the Public School Art League of Massachusetts and was for many years chairman of the Massachusetts Art Committee as well as a member of the Boston School Board. He is the author of "Interior Decoration of Schoolhouses."

saw Walter Gilman Page, Henry Kenyon and Mr. Emerson, son of Ralph Waldo Emerson, all painting Ipswich motifs.

The press reviews of this particular year's work are preserved and on the whole represent a very favourable reaction. Some of them show much enthusiasm. It became the custom for them to label his work "impressionism". Critics must have such labels and probably one term is as good as another. Dow resented the use of this particular word in connection with his work and was quite emphatic in his denial that he could be so classified. The truth or falsity of the application of the term is hard to determine and quite out of place in this study for it concerns a problem in the realm of the technical art critic and historian and time has not yet set definite limitations nor clear connotation to the word.

The experiences of this year taught lessons and raised many questions in his mind. It had been definitely a year of experiment and the value of any such experiments lies in the conclusions which can be deduced from them. Dow drew certain definite conclusions. Up to this time he had always exhibited his work as that of Arthur W. Dow of Ipswich and had studiously avoided the use of French title, an affectation which seemed to increase desirability of pictures from the point of view of prospective purchasers.

He was more than ever convinced that he wanted to become a distinctive, yes great, *American* artist. He had learned in the course of the year that art was patronized by people of conspicuous wealth; people who, all too often were completely lacking in any sound critical judgment and who made their purchases solely by the superficial dictates of those artists whose work it was fashionable to buy.

Dow desired most to keep his artistic integrity; to preserve his aesthetic New England conscience wherein a man could paint up to the best of his imaginings and abilities rather than bend his talents into the mould of popular fashion in art. He had come into intimate contact with the prevalent methods of selling art and he despised them. He had gained the sad knowledge that success could be bought, that it was for sale and had a very definite market value. All about him he saw colleagues purchasing favourable reviews and criticisms, making social contacts with the deliberate end of selling pictures to the "right people". It was not pleasant information to

garner, this knowledge that many people bought paintings, not for any intrinsic value in them, not for any appeal to emotions, nor any real appreciation of them, but because some other person of large wealth and small taste had done so.

The end of the year found him with completed work worth several thousands of dollars if purchasers could be found. He knew they could be found if he played the selling game according to the canons then in force.

One compromise he made and it was probably a wise one. He found that the chances of a man living in an obscure New England village for gaining American recognition were hampered by that very fact. He realized that as much as he loved the town it was quite out of the main stream of contemporary art life; therefore he decided to leave Ipswich during the winter months and to take a studio in Boston. This he did securing one in the Mechanics Building which was at that time the center of Boston's art interests.

He took up residence early in January, sleeping in a scant space which he had partitioned off from the rest of the room. He obtained some students that he might be assured of a steady though small income, sufficient to cover his expenses.

The letters of this period show clearly that Dow was seized during these months in Boston by the demon of restlessness. He spent endless hours working in his studio. He haunted all the exhibitions, the Museum of Fine Arts, the Boston Public Library. He made notes, studied the masters of the past, observed all the artists and their work about him, he read every word of critical comment appearing in American papers. Out of it all there gradually came to him the realization that both he and all of his contemporaries of art activity in Boston, and for that matter throughout America, had been caught in some net of artistic futility. He said that they were all painting away, day after day, conforming to their Parisian standards, observing rules as if they were from on high, and out of all this welter of canvas and paint there were but degrees of proficiency in a deadly sameness. There was something lacking in Dow and that same thing was lacking in all about him. At this time he did not know what it was, it eluded definition.

As the weeks went on he became convinced that he was not a

great painter, nor even an American painter, nor were any of those about him. Boston was but an artistic suburb, a back-wash of Paris, and Paris but a hard rock of dead and unyielding tradition. These, it is true, are not his words, but they summarize in a way much he was recording in letters and journals at the time. He was frankly discouraged and admitted it and found that most of the artists working in Boston were in the same frame of mind. Both the quality of paintings exhibited and the number of sales had reached a very low level. Criticism was of the same ilk, but completely chaotic. He saw work accepted by New York juries rejected in Boston and vice versa; he saw work which received recognition in France completely ignored in America. Most depreessing of all was the knowledge that the words of praise which he read were, for the most part, purchased with cash, that any artist could send his own evaluation of his work to any paper and pay for having it published as the opinion of an impartial critic.

Discouragement led as was natural to despair. Yet even then he did not put down his brushes but kept on in a struggle to perfect within the limitations of his training, which was, after all, the best to be obtained at that time, his art as he conceived it. But there was something wrong with his conception and he realized it.

Either by chance or by inspiration he escaped from the net which was holding him tight. It was his custom to spend the evening hours at the Boston Public Library and there he began a course of reading and study in the history and evolution of art. He had been reading Darwin at this time; perhaps there was some subtle transfer of thinking, one cannot tell. He began with Egyptian art and parallelled it with Egyptian history. He was struck by the manner in which these ancient people conventionalized the lotus and the papyrus, how they transmuted literalism in portrayal to delicate, expressive, decorative motif. In this he found something which included nature, but did not photograph nature with harsh literalness, and then added to it the genius within man.

Then he transferred his interest to Aztec art. This was done, as the letters clearly indicate, because he was looking to see if, historically, there was any thing which might be considered indigenous

American creative work, work which did not echo nor copy any outmoded traditions.

On the evening of February the twenty-fourth, at the Boston Public Library, the year 1890, Arthur Dow discovered Japanese art. He did not, in all probability, realize it at the time, but that evening was the moment in his living to which all his previous years of activity moved, and from which a new direction to that activity was to be given. Beyond this exactness of time and place we know definitely his first Japanese inspiration. It was a book containing examples of the work of Hokasai. The response was instantaneous. He brought to that book no knowledge of this Japanese master who is the greatest master of line any civilization has produced. All that he knew in that hour was that he was face to face with something great, authentic, completely outside his whole training and for which he had no vocabulary. That night, and for many nights after he pored over these Hokasai sketch-books. On February the twenty-sixth he wrote this line to Miss Pearson: "It is now plain to me that Whistler and Pennell, whom I have admired as great originals, are only copying the Japanese, though adding their own genius. One evening with Hokasai gave me more light on composition and decorative effect than years of study of pictures. I surely ought to compose in an entirely different manner and paint better."*

Very soon he deserted the Library for the Art Museum to discover if he might find some first-hand examples of Japanese art. Today the Boston** Museum of Fine Arts has the best collection of Japanese art in the world. When Dow made his first visit this was not true for that superb collection was, for the most part, still in packing-cases, on the high seas, and in warehouses in Japan. He examined with eagerness that which was on hand. While the letters are a bit vague at this point it would seem that he inquired if there was anyone who could tell him about these things and thereby he met the genius who was the dynamic force working to assemble this col-

*This is Dow's own judgment recorded many years later.
**This statement is authenticated by Mr. Samuel M. Green, an authority in such matters.

lection, Ernest Francisco Fenollosa.* When Dow first met him he was busy, as he had been for some years, assembling, purchasing, and arranging this collection. There was no popular demand in Boston for any collection or knowledge of this form of art and had not Fenollosa the zeal of a missionary and the courage of a prophet it would not be able to boast, as it does today, of its greatest art collection. Oriental art was neither known, understood, nor appreciated save by a small number of enthusiasts. Professor Fenollosa was probably one of the most brilliant Orientalists of the time. The artists of Boston and even the art pedagogues looked upon Fenollosa as a sort of wild man in the field. His own university (Harvard) seems to have passed him by on the other side. The Boston Paint and Clay Club used his lectures on Oriental Art as a butt for art jokes and public ridicule, in short, he had all the experiences of a prophet speaking in his own land.

To deal justly with the meeting of Dow and Fenollosa one can do no better than to quote from the latter's opus major, the "Epochs of Japanese and Chinese Art", for in the preface are written these words (by Mrs. Fenollosa): "*A new and very precious friendship was formed. This was with Mr. Arthur Wesley Dow of Ipswich, a young artist who had just returned from Paris. Literally from the first moment in which he met Professor Fenollosa and was shown some of the great examples of Japanese art, these two influences became the chief factors in his life. On the other hand Professor Fenollosa found in this ardent and receptive young spirit the inspiration and encouragement for which he had been longing. If the*

*Ernest Francisco Fenollosa was the outstanding American Orientalist in the field of Japanese Art of his generation. He was born in Salem, Massachusetts, 1853, and was graduated from Harvard University in 1874. Four years after he left Harvard he went to Japan and after two years of study of the language was appointed professor of philosophy, political economy and logic in the University of Tokio. Later he became professor of Aesthetics and manager of the Tokio Fine Arts Academy, Imperial Fine Arts Commissioner and manager of the Imperial Museum of Tokio. He returned to the United States in 1890 and was for a period of six years, Curator of the Oriental Department of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. In 1897 he returned to Japan accepting a chair of English Literature in the Imperial Normal School. In 1890 he was decorated by Mikado with the Rising Sun and the Sacred Mirror. Among his literary works the most important are "East and West"; "The Discovery of America"; "History of the Ukiyos-ye", and most important of all, his "Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art."

name, the methods, and vital truths, imparted to American art by Professor Fenollosa are to persist in the consciousness of the American people it will be due chiefly to the untiring efforts and splendid loyalty of Arthur Wesley Dow".

Thus the life of Dow turned as the tide turns. He had drifted out of the sea of academic tradition and into new waters of inspiration.

By the end of that month Dow was studying Japanese grammar with the new master and each day saw them together at the Art Museum. When a new consignment of material arrived from Japan, Dow would share in the joy of unpacking and enjoy the first view in America of the new treasures.

In May, Fenollosa, with a certain flair he had for the dramatic, opened a door and showed Dow two magnificent screens by Okio. Dow looked at them in silence for a space and then exclaimed, "Why can't I do that?" (the subject was a pine covered with snow). To this question Fenollosa replied, "You can if you dare, but you don't dare!" Dow instantly replied, "I will dare!" This pleased the Orientalist and he exclaimed, "You will, you will, and I *dare* you to do it."

There is more implied in these quotations than appears on the surface, as the letters reveal. What Dow was really saying was, "Why can't I get away from all my academic notions and do something fresh and fine like this work of Okio?" That which was in the mind of Fenollosa was that the young artist would not have the courage, would not dare to disregard his whole training in the Paris tradition and to form new concepts of art and of composition.

Less than two weeks after the first recorded meeting of these two men Dow wrote to Miss Pearson that what he sought in his own work was "not any imitation of the Japanese but their refinement, their brilliant and powerful execution, subtle composition, and all the ennobling influences that come from them." And in the same letter he draws this conclusion with which Fenollosa concurred, namely, "pictorial and ornamental art are inseparable."

Dow had not been long under the magic of Fenollosa's influence before he began to put into practice this newly discovered technique. It took the form of a series of experiments performed under the

watchful eye of the Orientalist who was, in a way, completely isolated intellectually in Boston. The richness of his spirit demanded someone to share his enthusiasms and his knowledge, some young American artist ripe for his teaching.

Fenollosa procured from some of his Japanese friends, brushes, inks, and paper and turned them over to Dow to experiment with and from them came the first ink paintings with such materials in this country.*

The implications of this meeting of two enthusiasms, the scholar on the one hand and the creative artist on the other, had profound effects on both. The scholar gained new courage, hope and enthusiasm. With the latter the problem was somewhat more involved. For a long period he had been convinced of the sterility of his Paris training and yet, after some considerable success and recognition as an artist within that technique, it took fine courage to begin again, to discard years of habit and a whole intellectual point of view. But Dow did begin anew. He began from the bottom as any novice in the old Japanese schools would have begun, with the perfection of the single line, and then combining of simple lines into pleasing forms. He knew that his first problem was to master this more ancient method with the same devotion which he had put into his work those years in Paris and Pont Aven.

The next step in his thinking, his philosophy of art, was a natural but not an accidental one. He had before him two distinct ways of attaining to beauty through line, mass, and colour. Each had produced valid results within the limitations of its own geography. He recognized that both led to a "cul de sac" if carried to logical conclusions. Japanese art could be as formal and as legalistic as Western art. It was therefore completely logical for him to ask himself if a fusion of the two great traditions were possible, a synthesis to use his own word. It was quite clear in his own mind that no American could originate any art technique nor produce an indigenous and distinctively American art apart from inherited traditions. It is not easy for us at this time to grasp fully what was in the mind of Dow because so much progress has been made both in the theory

*This rather dogmatic statement may be incorrect but research fails to offer any evidence to the contrary.

and the practice of art since the "fin de siecle" period. It is too easy for us to forget that when Dow was struggling with his problems of synthesis in the 90's aesthetics was still lost in mist and vapours. Ruskin was both the law and the prophets of any historical approach to Western art in English speaking minds. To contradict Ruskin was a form of artistic "lese majeste" for which there was no pardon in this world. Colleges and universities in America had been traditionally silent both in courses and instruction in the Fine Arts, whether in terms of history or of practice. Charles Eliot Norton was still pioneering as the first art historian of Harvard and he was looked upon with suspicion and many still held the honest conviction that he was leading the University from its essential masculinity into an effete decadence. Now Dow knew all these things for they were all about him. He was convinced that Western Art was either lacking in some vital element or had lost it, and at this time he was not quite sure which. Oriental Art had something, hard to capture in words, but to Dow essential. It was not until he discovered the Italian primitives that he was able to complete his synthesis.

The friendship with Fenollosa settled once and for all the old problem of the artist as to teaching. From the year 1891 and on it was Dow the teacher first and Dow the artist second. There was but one Fenollosa and Dow was his prophet. The only way one can understand how it came about that he suddenly deserted the resolve of a lifetime is to remember that his blood was of the Puritans. Once they come into contact with any new revelation of what they hold to be truth they must proclaim it from the housetops. In this principle is the whole secret of the intellectual, emotional, economic, and religious history of New England.

To this end Dow opened a studio in Boston and sent out circulars through the post and inserted notices in the press, all of which stated without equivocation that he was going to teach art in accord with a new theory. He was going through troubled waters. First occurred the death of his step-mother, then that of his father. These events cut him off from all ties save that to his only brother and they served to strengthen that.

From the very outset he was met with opposition to his work. Many old friends, including some of those who had given him ma-

terial support, looked on this new activity as a venture and the beginning of a dangerous individualism. Their reasons were valid enough for he was departing deliberately from convention, and convention was both the mother and father of fashion. With the best intentions in the world they uttered solemn warnings both in person and in letters. Underneath it all there was a feeling almost akin to betrayal for they had all hoped to see him a successful artist. While probably they never analyzed their concept very closely of a successful artist, it did infer that unless one were accepted by those high priests of popular caste, the critics and the people of wealth, then a very real artistic doom awaited him. Dow looked on all these facts in turn and faced them squarely. He had inner vision and that was sufficient for him.

In these first Boston classes he tried pragmatically to justify his new theories of art. It was all quite simple when it was transferred to the studio class room. The students began as he had recently started, as the old Japanese masters had started, from the inspiration of the line. The difference was that the outer reference was the American Scene. This first experiment was, in its way, a success. During the subsequent summers he intensified the instruction, profiting by his mistakes. This was done at the Ipswich Summer School of Art which was growing from year to year in size and in favour.

During this critical period of trial and error he had the enthusiastic though sometimes erratic support of Fenollosa, who came to his classes and gave lectures out of the wealth of his encyclopedic knowledge of Oriental Art. This support was erratic because if a new shipment of Japanese prints arrived at the Museum, or if some person visited there who showed even a tepid interest in the field Fenollosa completely forgot his lecture engagements.

There was at that time a French artist in whom both of them saw the fusion of Occident and Orient. He was Puvis de Chavannes. They discovered him for America and had much to do with his obtaining the commission to paint a series of murals in the Boston Public Library. Puvis came to America and to Boston where he was received with cool and unintelligent criticism. The desiccated Boston critics sensed they were in contact with a personality and an art which they did not understand and that in him and his work was

something that savoured of rebellion against current methods. In such a situation Boston critics always do the sensible though not the intelligent thing; they erect a fence of words and speak a loud condemnation over it. Such was the Boston fate of Puvis. Both Fenollosa and Dow took up the cudgel for the French artist and defended him stoutly through the columns of the Boston Transcript. This defense was as a voice crying in the wilderness. This was in 1892.

As a result of this first Boston class Dow was invited to deliver a series of lectures before the Unity Club of Boston. It is the glory of the Bostonians that they, like the Athenians of other days, are always ready to hear something new. So he lectured on his theory of art and composition. He was given a polite hearing (one can always be assured of that in Boston) but the reaction was negative, as they were waiting for the "right people" to stamp these new ideals with the stamp of approval.

Dow was not contenting himself with theories alone. He was utilizing every free hour to transfer them to practice. Two important modes of artistic expression came out of this. One was the ink painting, already mentioned; the other was block printing. Both were done in accord with Japanese technique. There is no record to be found of any earlier American artist utilizing the block print method previous to this time. Dow carried it to a point of perfection comparable to that of the Japanese themselves. It was slow experimental work. There were many failures due to the choice of the wrong kind of wood. It was no easy process and there were no short cuts to the desired result. Each block of the series had to be cut with utmost precision. At first there was difficulty in obtaining the right kind of Japanese paper and colours. The process of printing was as tedious as any art process could be. In this Miss Pearson gave practical aid. Through many days of hard manual labor she worked with the printing under his direction, and a large share of the success of this pioneering work belongs to her who, by faith and with delicacy of hand and feeling, brought forth the first successful block prints in America. All through the years she continued to do the major portion of this last stage in the process, developing a skill to which probably no other woman artist has ever attained in this country.

On February the seventh, 1894, in response to an invitation,

Dow gave an informal talk before the Boston Art Students' Association. This address marks the first published formulation of his theory of composition and contained much of the germinal material which was elaborated and put in final form in his book by the same name (Composition). This address made such a profound impression on the serious minded people gathered there and was the center of so much discussion that this Society caused it to be printed.

By reading these few concise pages one finds that even at this early date there was in his mind those ideas, built up into a logical whole, which were to guide him in the years of successful teaching to follow. These ideas took origin from three sources; first, his study of Japanese art and the Fenollosa interpretation of the same; secondly, his own creative work when this knowledge had been put to the test of individual practice; thirdly, the knowledge gained in teaching and in contact with students. Two paragraphs from this paper will perhaps reveal clearly how compeltely the revolution from current standards of art had taken place in his mind:—

"Let me now draw a sharp distinction between *composition* and *studying*. In making accurate, truthful paintings from nature, we are learning to *represent* objects with the idea of ultimately combining them in a composition, but a pictorial composition is not merely an assemblage of objects truthfully represented, it is the *expression of an idea,* and all the parts must be so related as to form a harmonious *whole.* It cannot be a work of *art* unless it has this quality of wholeness. A study must be accurate, a composition must be beautiful. Painting what you see, and as you see it is only studying; it is not creating, it is not composing. Long continued study is a needed discipline, but let it have its proper place and not be misnamed.

By painting from nature, aided by drawing, perspective and other sciences, we learn much about forms, textures, and colours of things and how to represent them in different mediums, as oil or water-colour, but when we try to combine various objects, as for instance, hills, trees, and a river, into a picture, we feel the need of a new faculty which is but imperfectly developed; in short, the ability to *compose,* the *creative* faculty, not the imitative."*

From this thesis he develops that synthesis which was to be later

*The italics are Dow's.

the heart of his whole attitude toward art and the teaching of art, namely that synthesis of Line, Dark and Light (Notan) and Colour.

No study of the biology of the Dow theory and practice of composition would be accurate without a complete analysis of this paper which is but lightly touched on here.

Exhibitions followed one another rapidly. His "Frost Flowers", a painting which had won the praise of all the critics who had seen it, was requested for an international exhibition in Munich and so was sent there.

In 1893 Fenollosa realized that in Dow he had found that complete enthusiasm which he needed in his work at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and through his good offices Dow was appointed to be his assistant and to work with him in arranging, sorting and classifying the immense amount of material which had come from Japan and China. Dow enjoyed this work for it meant that he was the first to see and to study these treasures with the one man who knew more about them than any other in America. It became their custom to go to the Museum in the evening, when all was quiet and to work long into the night. There are intimations in the letters of much time spent in enthusiastic conversation in which the master taught the disciple.

On October twenty-fourth, 1893, Arthur Wesley Dow was married to Miss Minnie Eleanor Pearson and the friendship of over a decade now became a life partnership which continued as a poem of mutual understanding and encouragement. It is indeed difficult to write of the personal equations of such a union. It was ideal, unruffled, tranquil. Each had qualities which complemented those in the other. Mrs. Dow understood with deep intuition the needs of her husband; she realized that he needed long hours apart from people and the usual fretting details of living. From that day on she stood as a wall about him and kept out of his living selfish people who never hesitated to presume to the limit on his qualities of generosity in order that they might advance their own secondary merits. It was truly a life partnership in creative living and through the years, with untiring energy, she assumed full responsibility for every part of his life that was in her power to assume that he might have as much time as possible for creative work.

Through all the sessions of the Ipswich Summer School of Art she took charge of every detail of the business arrangements such as collecting the fees, keeping the books, ordering the supplies, finding rooms and board for the students and keeping from him every annoying detail that was the concomitant of two hundred and more students. In later years when he was at Columbia she took charge of the slides for his work there, keeping them in order and each lecture day had them ready for him. And it must be written, as I am sure that he would desire it, that no picture was ever painted, no success gained, no disappointment lived through but that into all of them the spirit and love of Minnie Eleanor Dow entered. No evaluation of Arthur Dow can ever be made without full acknowledgment that in all his living and all his creative activity there was a synthesis of his own genius with the love and devotion of his wife. To one who has been privileged to read all the letters which were written through that decade of friendship before their marriage and all the letters they wrote to one another after it, comes the conviction that the modern age has lost something fine and noble in living when it turned its back on the restraints of the older generation.

Each summer saw the Ipswich Summer School of Art increase in popularity. Even the sleepy loquacious town was becoming art conscious. People were beginning to paint their houses, which all the visiting artists regretted. This feeling for art took a rather unfortunate turn in quite a different direction. More students meant more money was being spent in town and art became synonymous with money in the concepts of the natives and especially that portion of them known as the town fathers, some of whom were not natives at all. The result was a clever scheme to tax art and Dow was assessed for all the paintings and materials in his possession and in terms of the prices for which he was selling them. In fairness to old Ipswich it must be said in passing that the political regime of the town seems to have been under the active influence of that force in Massachusetts which was a concomitant of the potato famine in Ireland some years previous. One cannot help having a certain admiration for that form of political acumen which conceived the idea of taxing unsold pictures and studies in an artist's studio. Dow always kept two of his Paris paintings in his studio. He kept them there for reasons of sentiment.

When they had been exhibited the prices were twelve hundred dollars each. They were never sold and Dow had no desire to sell them, but had this tax scheme succeeded the approximate sum he would have been required to pay each year would have been about forty dollars. In the forty and more years which he kept them it would have amounted to an amusing and tragic total. There is also a certain pathos in reviewing the congenital stupidity of these politicians who were so affected with a political greed that they were unable to see that neither Dow nor any other artist could afford to live in a town if all studies, paintings, unfinished and complete were to be taxed on a possible sale price.

Dow protested with vigour but in vain. In order to make sure of his position he wrote a circular letter to all the leading American artists for their opinions on the matter. The result was not a pleasant one for the town since it became synonymous in the eyes of intelligent people with petty political stupidity. It was only when Dow threatened to move his studio and his classes and all of his possessions out of town that the town fathers saw a great light. They were not willing to kill the goose of art, as they considered it, as long as it would remain and hatch a few golden eggs.

With that strange inconsistence which makes New England towns charming these same people asked Dow to design a seal for the town even while they were scheming to tax him in this unusual manner. He showed his usual patience and deep understanding, spent many hours on the seal and presented the design to the town and it is still used at the present day.

At the same time the ladies of the First Parish Church were painting their historic edifice (historic not for its present building but for those which had been destroyed in previous years which occupied the same spot). They consulted Dow and asked him to choose a suitable colour. Dow studied the building, recalled the English churches from which it received its inspiration and with his own hands mixed the paint, a lovely colour which increased the visibility of the spire to such an extent that for many years it was a landmark to mariners along the coast. Unfortunately in recent years the cult of the drab erased this rich colour and the spire has sunk into oblivion.

From the numerous letters of this period it is quite evident that Dow's interests were broadening. His chief problem for the moment was to establish in his own thinking some correlation between conventional art and artisanship, pure art as it was considered and the art which was implicit, if accidental, in the crafts. Design in fabric and rug, in house furniture, books and printing were all closely scrutinized by him in his synthetic approach to the problem of beauty.

This new interest transferred itself into his everyday activities in many ways and one example will show how it operated. He had always held that the frame of a painting should do more than bound its space; that it should make a pleasant transition from the painting to the spaces beyond without any undue intrusion into the consciousness. If one has ever seen the massive frames of that period one can easily grasp what was in his mind. His own ultimate conviction was that no picture should be framed until the room and place in the room where it was to hang had been chosen and then the frame should be made. In his own case he carved his frames by hand and made them as quiet and as unobtrusive as possible.

It was during this period that he was writing "Composition". With all his other activities this was a task of considerable magnitude. It was many months before it was ready for press for he sought to make it as perfect in expression as possible. There was also the problem of illustrations. One would have imagined he would have used examples of his own work at hand but that was the thing he did not wish to do. He wanted to show through the work of his students what could be accomplished by the methods delineated in the text. The final decision was to combine illustration through the historical method. For each principle enunciated he illustrated it from some master of the past, either Oriental or Occidental and then brought it in to accord with the present by an example of student work.

The first edition was a success and sold as fast as it came from the press. From a financial consideration it was not successful for the publisher was in a precarious position and took all the proceeds, including royalties to pay his personal bills.

At the same time Dow published and copyrighted his first series of "Ipswich Prints", under the title of "Along Ipswich River." This

first series was followed by several more during the years which followed.

It was during the summer of 1895 that he entered into correspondence with the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, New York. As a result the authorities of that school, who had learned of his success as a teacher, and feeling that their own art department needed some fresh impetus to insure its success, reached an agreement with Dow whereby he would teach three days a week at their school. This agreement insured the artist the necessary time which he needed to continue his own creative work apart from teaching.

This new field gave to him what he desired most, namely, an opportunity to put into practice under ideal conditions his theories which to him had long since ceased to be such but yet, in popular estimation were so considered.

Pratt Institute was comparatively a new institution and its student body large and cosmopolitan. There was no dead weight of accumulated traditions and time hallowed prejudices to overcome. Its directors had set for their ideal a practical education for teachers in secondary schools.

When the fall semester opened Dow began his work on the three day a week plan with an initial salary of two thousand dollars. Professor Fenollosa was also given a place on the staff as visiting lecturer in Fine Arts.

The directors of Pratt and Dow also recognized that the first year would be in the nature of an experiment. The previous year the Institute had indulged in the expensive experiment of importing a teacher from one of the famous French schools. This well intentioned man, saturated with his academic technique, was unable either to impart his knowledge or maintain discipline. Dow stepped into these classes which he found in a state of complete disorganization and in a few months accomplished a revolution in both the spirit and work of the department. Success attended his work from the outset.

As soon as the academic year was completed Dow sailed with Mrs. Dow for Italy in order that he might gain first hand information about Italian art. It was his first visit to that country and as soon as he had arrived he immediately set himself to the task of systematic study of the primitives, so called;within the period of the beginnings

of Renaissance and pre-Renaissance art in Italy. He chose the thirteenth century as his field of concentration and listed with careful notes all of its material that he could find. Much of the summer was spent in Florence, Siena and Assisi.

Late in August he went to Venice to be the guest of Mr. Denman Ross* of Cambridge with whom he had been closely associated in his work at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Mr. Ross was international in his circle and numbered among his intimates all the important members of Venetian society.

These weeks in Venice began in the idyllic mood but they terminated very near to tragedy. Dow contracted what seems to have been a type of slow pneumonia and was seriously ill for several weeks. The cold from which this illness came was contracted at one of Mr. Ross's dinner parties on the Grand Canal. All through this illness Mr. Ross extended every faculty in his power and summoned the best doctors to be found in Italy. Mrs. Dow acted as nurse through these trying days. The illness left him in a state of great weakness and this necessitated a change in plans for it was not thought safe for him to hazard the long journey back to America until he had regained his strength. This also meant that his leave of absence from Pratt Institute had to be extended through the first semester.

The result of this stay in Italy enriched his knowledge and filled in certain places in his theory of Composition which was very gratifying to him. His health was so improved that he held the Ipswich Summer School of Art as usual. When it was over he went to Scituate, Massachusetts, for several weeks of painting with Mr. Denman Ross. This was Dow's first experience in working on the South Shore and from it grew the series of Gay Head paintings which he did later.

That same year (1898) he was appointed Curator of Japanese

*Denman Ross was born in the middle West, educated at Harvard University (Ph. D. 1880) and when Dow first knew him he was a Trustee of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. He was one of the small group in that city first to appreciate and study Oriental Art. At one time he was an ardent follower of Fenollosa. He has been a member of the Faculty of Fine Arts, Harvard University since 1899. His literary work includes, "The History of Land-Holding Among the Germans", "A Theory of Pure Design", and "On Drawing and Painting". He was born in 1853.

Prints at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. This position brought him in contact with all the American collectors of Japanese art, among whom were Mr. Charles J. Morse of Evanston, Ill., and Mr. Charles Freer of Detroit. His relationship with the former ripened into a rich friendship and many pleasant visits were spent both by Mr. and Mrs. Dow at the Morse home in Evanston.

Morse was very anxious to have Dow transfer his work to Chicago for he was convinced that the city needed some dynamic personality to guide and direct there creative and appreciative art work. Chicago at this time was just beginning to be art conscious and evinced among her people a very real desire to contribute something more to civilization than being the hog butcher of the world. A very attractive offer was made to Dow by a group of wealthy Chicago men interested in art. When the directors of Pratt Institute learned of this they registered a vigorous protest, increased his salary with the result that Dow continued his work in Brooklyn. It was not the increase in salary which held him but rather the conviction that the well-organized institution offered greater chances and opportunities for a dissemination of his art principles than would be his if he were to start fresh in Chicago.

This was true in practice for his pupils went out to all sections of the country and it was not many years before he had students teaching in every state East of the Mississippi and in many states beyond. Wherever these students went they carried with them the Dow spirit and enthusiasm and in fact his name was associated in all these places with successful art instruction.

All pupils who studied under him and went out into the teaching field seem to have cherished one ambition among several others and that was to have the master lecture in the section of country where they were located. So we find him during these years at Pratt making long and tedious journeys as far west as Iowa, south to Virginia and north as far as Canada. Whenever a convention of art teachers was held it was not considered successful unless Dow were there to speak.

Two of these lectures caused considerable sensation, one in Philadelphia and the other before the Art Institute of Chicago. Demands for his presence became so great that he was forced before long to

exercise the greatest care before he accepted. It was no easy task to accept some and reject others but he had a guiding principle. It was not in the fees offered but rather in the location of a place of strategic importance for the dissemination of ideas. He would and did prefer a group of impecunious, sincere, hard working teachers to a group of fashionable women in a metropolitan center whose chief interest was amusement rather than actual profit.

All these activities took an increasing amount of time from that in which he could do his own creative work yet somehow he managed to do many canvases each year and to continue exhibitions in various places. In 1901 he sent some of his work to the Pan-American Exposition of that year and won a medal for them as well as an honourable mention for his prints.

During these years it is almost impossible to make any adequate chronology of his activities. It does not seem possible that any one man could accomplish as much as he accomplished. The correspondence of this period is a maze of complicated and extended interests. To go through the letters that remain would be a task requiring weeks of work. The number alone reaches an incredible total and yet each was answered the day it was received, a task which must have been no small drain on the man's energy. Japanese dealers sought his advice and his time for the examination of the art of their country which they had brought to America. Some of them calmly billed to Dow from Japan what they had purchased there, trusting him completely and hoping he would unpack and examine the treasures and render his opinion when they arrived later. Collectors from all over the country wrote him for expert opinion as to values, identifications, information as to schools and any other data they desired on Japanese art.

Art teachers wrote from remote places requesting personal advice relative to the various problems which arose out of their teaching. On each of the letters of this type one always found written in Dow's own neat hand the word "answered" and the date and by checking one discovers that he would find, even in the busiest of days, some time for this kind of work. It is quite evident that he was ready to give a sympathetic ear and to take time to treat any problem of art

instruction as one worthy the best he could offer of time and careful consideration.

Arthur Dow, who chronicled both the scenery and the history of his native town discovered that Ipswich, like Rome and Byzance, had her seven hills. Within the Ipswich list was one which he delighted to call Bayberry Hill. Perhaps no one spot in Essex County offers a richer and more varied vista. Set, as it is, above the marshes, it looks over them to that ribbon of glistening white sand, Plum Island, with the soft moulded curves of Great Neck and Little Neck and Castle Hill at the right and beyond all the ocean with its jewels, the Isles of Shoals. In the foreground the marshes offered a rich pattern with the Blue and Silver Dragons, their carpet of multi-coloured softness changing from season to season. On this hill of bayberries, facing this pattern of loveliness, Dow built his Ipswich studio in 1900-1901 and the building was a work of love. (Before this he had a studio in Brook Lane.) For the great chimney he went to the local brick-yard and from the accumulated heap of rejections he gathered his bricks. Each had to him its own character gained from its very irregularities and some of them had a rich patina and some an accidental glaze. Under his direction they were worked into a tapestry of brick.

This studio was spacious, well-lighted and a large upper balcony opened wide to the glory which is Bayberry Hill. About it were the pine and the savin, the bayberry and the gnarled wild apple trees. Here, among them he set out the bear-berry, brought with affectionate care from Maine.

For many years it was the center of what was, perhaps, the most successful art school ever held north of Boston. In later years, when the school was discontinued it became a place of creation, a place of silences, and the glory which was the Ipswich Dow loved was filtered out by the hand of the artist and preserved through the sacrament of pigment into a memorial of enduring beauty. And now in later years each summer sees its occasional pilgrim who wanders again to this place of memories and then journeys over that other hill which is the resting place of him who was in those other days the spirit that brought them first to Ipswich town. To them, as one talks with

them, that same spirit still broods over Bayberry Hill and now it has become a sanctuary to his memory.

After the Summer School of Art had completed its term in 1902, Dow and the Rev. T. Franklin Waters, the academic historian of Ipswich* and who for a generation shepherded the fold of the South Congregationalists in the town, made a pilgrimage to Arcadia, or in more literal prose, Nova Scotia. Dow went there, as he always went to any place, with a definite idea in his mind. In this case it was to seek out in this primitive country the workers in handicrafts.

So it was then, these two kindred spirits, knit together by common interests of history and love for their town, wandered about faraway places talking to rustics, speaking French with the peasants, discovering men who still worked with their hands and women whose lives revolved around the loom and the distaff. It was a happy place to be, among these simple, primitive, wholesome people who had never been corrupted by the machine and who had about them an innate sense of beauty.

Dow was teaching at Pratt through the session of 1902-1903. As the years passed the work became more exacting and students from all over the country thronged his classes. The work made considerable of an impression on the art world especially among those engaged in teaching the subject. Exhibitions of his students' work and accomplishment were sought in many places even as far as Fribourg, Switzerland. Preparing these was a long and arduous task but he was fortunate in having a corps of enthusiastic assistants who were ready to do anything Dow asked of them.

After the Ipswich Summer School of 1903 had finished its course, with a student body which was well over two hundred (and that year Cambridge University, England, sent a student to it to take careful notes on the work and the manner in which it was conducted), Dow embarked on a pilgrimage of beauty. He left Ipswich in the company of Mrs. Dow and his brother Dana, the well known land-

*Mr. Waters took up the work of the history of Ipswich where Caldwell and Dow left it. The results of his scholarly labours are preserved in a two volume monumental history of the town and numerous publications on individual phases of local history. He was the genius who organized the Ipswich Historical Society and in his life time accomplished more in the field of local history than any other man, in fact his work is so definitive that in the realm of facts nothing more can ever be done.

scape architect, for a trip around the world. The course was westward, the American continent being crossed by the Canadian route. He kept a careful day by day record during these months, and to read these notebooks, some six in number, is to see the world through the eyes of a sensitive spirit for whom all about him was form and colour. If, at any later time, some adequate survey of his life is written, it ought to include much of these notebooks for in them is hidden in many a beautiful phrase that larger beauty of the world as it spread itself out before him.

The first stop was at Lake Louise and from there they journeyed to the west coast and then down to San Francisco. Many of his students were living in that state as were also some of Mrs. Dow's relatives so they found a warm and enthusiastic welcome awaiting them.

On Saturday, September the nineteenth, 1903, they sailed through the Golden Gate on the *Hong Kong Maru* for Yokohama.

It is quite safe to say that no pilgrim to Japan ever took so much of Japan with him as Dow did. His intimacy with Japanese art had written vividly into his consciousness every beauty spot in that country, discovered and recorded through the generations of Japanese masters of brush.

His approach to Japan is recorded in these words,— "Out of the white clouds, land appears, a long dark broken *line*. Japan! Soon Fuji is discerned, a *dark* shape, huge, symmetrical, mysterious, the lower part lost in haze and it remained dim, bluish, and finally vanished in the mist. Then appear green hills, dotted with pines. There is the smoke of a village, a beach — we draw near — there are houses — a temple. Fishing boats with men in blue, out of Hokusai, and larger boats with sails, like Hiroshigi, and so we are in Japan: the jinrikishas and the girls, the pine trees, a whirl of things and sensations."

That evening they went for a walk which took them past a theatre, and Dow noticed the signs and he wrote that they reminded him of Kionagen and the days of the early Ukioge. The days were not only days of seeing things but days of living art. The next day they rode to Kanagawa because it was the third of Hiroshigi's

"stations", and he wrote that it gave him a strange sensation to stand and to be where this great artist had worked.

From Yokohama they went to Nikko and there revelled in the long lanes of cryptomaria. On October 19th they started leisurely for Tokio making the longest stop at Ugene.

In Tokio they settled down to more than a month of intensive living. The first thing Dow did in this city was to see how art was taught in the Imperial University. President Yamagawa received him in person and the journals record some disappointment in this Oriental because he was more enthusiastic over the methods used in his University for the prediction of earthquakes than in art. This was the first of several visits.

His next objective was the Imperial Museum. There he was also received by the head of the same and under his direction and through his assistance Dow made a systematic and intensive study of the treasures assembled there.

The first free evening they attended their first *No* play. In this form of drama Dow saw the complete fusion of the spirit of the country with its concepts of art.

As soon as it was learned that he was in the city invitations came to him from every direction from those Japanese gentlemen who had important collections of the art of their country.

Those days on which it rained, thereby making formal calling difficult, it was Dow's custom to spend his time with the various print dealers in Tokio (he had letters of introduction to them from Fenollosa). The result of these visits was the addition of many rare examples to his own private collection.

He spent an entire day at the Tokio Koto Kogya Gakko. This was a sort of higher technical school which offered art instruction. In each of the various schools visited he was alarmed at the growing neglect of the indigenous Japanese methods and technique and the substitution of that of European academies. Wherever he found a school where the old methods of the people were taught and practiced he hired an interpreter that he might express his delight to the authorities of those schools and in some instances speak to the students. There is quaint irony in much of this for Dow was com-

ing to the Japanese people preaching the gospel of their own traditions and of their pure art to them.

In early November he established contact with Murata Shojiro, one of the best known printers of Japanese block prints. Dow began a course of instruction under him in the Japanese technique of printing.* He began with a set of Hiroshigi blocks. There were eight in the set and the print was of large boats sailing. He kept careful notes of every step in the process, every deft hand movement of the master and these are preserved in the journals.

Another interest to which he devoted much of his time in Japan was the pottery of that country. He visited all the important centers of this work in and about Tokio, meeting there men engaged and having instructive conversation with them about their work. In all this the Japanese treated Dow with the greatest kindness and permitted him to go where he liked and do what he wished in their

* "The technique of the colour prints of Japan is capable of simple description. The amazing thing about it is that the perfectly harmonious results obtained in the best period, were the product of the united labours of three separate individuals. In the first place the artist made the design, drawing the lines with a brush on thin, semi-transparent paper. This was handed over to the engraver, who, pasting it face downwards to secure the necessary reversal on a block of soft cherry wood (sakura), proceeded to outline the picture with a knife and then cut away the superfluous wood, using a series of chisels and gouges much the same as those used by the European carpenter. The result was the key-block of the forthcoming series; for, from proofs of this, a further series of blocks was cut, the final result being one for each separate colour to be employed. At this stage, the third person of the trio takes up the work, namely, the printer. He mixed his colours on the block for each printing, the medium being rice paste, and the pigments naturally and easily obtained for the most part. The blocks are not printed in a press, but the paper — that wonderfully fine and tough mulberry-bark paper of Japan — is damped, laid on the upper surface of the block, and the impression rubbed off with a rubber (baren), consisting essentially of a coil of twisted fibre enclosed in a sheaf of bamboo leaf. Each block is thus used in a succession until the whole design is complete, accuracy of register being secured by rough indications cut on the blocks, and by a perfection of handicraftsmanship almost incomprehensible to the European.

The artist was generally an independent worker and, of course, was the most reputable of the three. It is by his name that the prints are always known, but it is worth pointing out that there are no authentic instances of his having engraved and printed his own pictures. The engraver, whose powers of fac-simile reproduction are simply marvellous, and the printer, were simply workmen in the employment of the publisher. Prints were published and sold in shops much after our manner."

Edward F. Strange — from "The Colour Prints of Japan."
Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

plants. The note-books are full of diagrams of kilns, wheels and materials as well as designs which were in use at that time.

In the middle of November he made the acquaintance of Tajima, the publisher of Moronobu and Korin. Later he added to his list of friends in that country, Ogawa, the noted photographer who published photographs of Japanese masterworks.

On Wednesday, November the eleventh, they went to the Shinbashi Square to see the Emperor and his Court. The one impression which was recorded was that of the awful silence with which the Japanese welcomed their Sovereign as he passed them by.

On the thirteenth day of that same month they were invited to the Emperor's garden fête. The invitation was accepted and necessitated a desperate search for the silk hats required for such an affair. The party was held at the Akasaka Palace and was attended by the diplomatic corps and distinguished foreigners visiting the city or in residence there. Dow was disappointed to find the ladies of the Japanese Court dressed in Parisian gowns and this fact spoiled much of the beauty of the occasion for him. He watched the conduct of the different nationals represented there and came to the conclusion that the Chinese had the most reserve and entered into the spirit of the occasion with the greatest dignity. When refreshments were served he was shocked by the bad manners of many of the people present, especially of his own countrymen, American officers who rushed for their food, heaped their plates and went off by themselves to a table laughing and talking loudly.

Sunday, November the fifteenth, Dow listed as the most important day of his visit to Tokio for it was then that he met Kano Tomonobu. It would appear that Kano heard of Dow's presence in the city and called on him. The importance of this man was that, among other things, he was the grandson of Masanobu and the son of Tosen and so was within one of the best art traditions of Japan. The afternoon was spent in a lively conversation relative to the Kano School. Each was warmed by the enthusiasm of the other and it resulted in a suggestion on the part of Kano that Dow become his pupil and receive instruction in those traditions which had been passed on to him through his father from his grandfather. Nothing could have pleased Dow more. They met day after day and spent

long hours in study and work. Kano was a man of about sixty years of age, gracious and kindly, pleased that out of the West had come a man who, with humble dignity, found pleasure in learning the art traditions of his family.

Through Kano he received an invitation to visit Baron Kuki, one of the outstanding connoisseurs of Japanese art. Several visits were made and the Baron confessed that he found in Dow an appreciation of his collections which he rarely found in his Japanese contemporaries. Dow's last evening in Tokio was spent with Baron Kuki and their enthusiasm carried the conversation long past midnight. Before this last visit the Baron had very graciously permitted Dow to examine each treasure in his collection and to make notes and descriptions of them. This data is all recorded in the journals.

They left Tokio with reluctance but the rest of the world waited for them and there was the realization that while desire prompted longer residence in this city they had grown to love, wisdom dictated that they journey on so they left for Kyoto. The trip was made in quiet leisure and they spent a day here and another there in any village which interested them.

Kyoto possessed a museum rich in local art and Dow spent many hours there. In these museum visits he took with him years of accumulated knowledge which astounded the curators of the prints. While working in this particular museum he was shown some paintings which were said to be by Sesshu. Dow examined them and recorded later that while he did not dispute this belief of the director in whose company he was, he was convinced that they were not by Sesshu and then lists his reasons for this conclusion. This ability to keep one's knowledge to oneself when it can do no particular good to impart it, is a mark of the great scholar as well as the gentleman. Many another visitor with his learning and erudition in this field would not have been able to keep private convictions to himself even though there was the certainty that one had sufficient academic knowledge to risk differing with a native authority.

Kyoto had an art school as interesting as its museum and Dow spent several days there observing the method of instruction. Everywhere he went the Japanese recognized in this visiting American a devotion to their art traditions which surprised and delighted them

and with that subtle speed with which news travels in the Orient, the fact of his presence was quickly known and doors were opened to him which were usually kept closed to the casual tourist or visitor. Temples were visited which were quite unknown to the casual visitor and permission was given him to paint and to sketch in some of the most holy places of Japan. Among these out-of-the-way places was the Daito Juji Monastery where is preserved a collection of the works of Japanese masters of a very early period. The monks there were astonished that a foreigner could recognize each master in turn from the style of their various paintings.

On Sunday, December the sixth, Dow called on Takeuchi Seiko, who was then considered the greatest living Japanese artist. The meeting was full of interest for both. He was taken to Seiko's studio where he observed a Sesshu landscape. The Japanese artist was pleased that Dow should notice this treasure among the other paintings hanging there. Seiko was very anxious to learn all that he could from Dow of the various methods of art instruction and the names of American artists and what they were doing. In the course of these visits the master asked Dow to criticize his work and this is the most delicate compliment one artist can pay another.

On the evening of December the fourteenth Dow was asked to speak before the Chamber of Commerce of Kyoto which was his pleasure so to do. It was a gathering of all the business men and the educators of the city and men who were interested in art. This group listened for more than an hour while Dow told them of his interest in their art and what it meant and should mean to the Western world. He took this opportunity to state very frankly his opinions relative to the error he felt many of the Japanese artists were making in giving up their own tradition and accepting without question those of Europe.

In honour of the occasion a group of the best *No* players had been assembled and they gave a play in the strictest academic manner. At the close of the performance Tozan, the great porcelain maker of the city, formally presented Dow with a choice bit of his own workmanship, which, in its field was the best to be found in the Empire.

The Japanese press was very much interested in Dow's visit and

kept the public informed of his movements, what he was saying and his opinions of Japanese artists and craftsmen. One result of this was that in every place Dow found himself he was always flooded with invitations from gentry and collectors who wished him to see the collections which had accumulated over the centuries as family riches. Through these invitations, of which Dow accepted as many as was possible, he was able to see more examples of the art of that country, good and bad, than any other American had ever seen. The note-books are a guide to rare and out-of-the-way locations of important examples in Japan.

Among the invitations he received in Kyoto was one which he valued highly. It was from Seifu, who was called by his people, "Prince of the Potters." His work fell into two catagories; first, the reproductions of ancient examples of pottery and, second, new and original designs. All his work was done by hand and no machinery was permitted in his studios. Associated with him were some of the most skilled artisans of the country. Dow was permitted to take notes of all the processes which were in use, to copy as many of the designs as he cared to and to make diagrams of the various ancient instruments which were used in the work.

On December twenty-third as they left Kyoto a large group of the important men of the city gathered to see them off and to express their appreciation of his visit.

The next place to be visited was Nara. When they arrived they were met by the Mayor of that city and a group of dignitaries who were awaiting their arrival and who had arranged to conduct them in state to the Kasaga Temple to witness the sacred ceremonials which were in progress there. After the ceremonies were ended Dow made an inspection of their treasures and was delighted to find a great lantern, which he recognized at once as designed by Motonobu. The authorities of the Temple gave permission to him, both to sketch and to photograph this treasure.

From Nara they went to Knobe where they spent Christmas Day and from there to Nagasaki where they took leave of Japan. From the deck of their steamer they watched the evening and the sunset until the darkness came with its myriad of lights. So ended Arthur Dow's visit to Japan of which but the merest intimations of

his activities have been sketched here. Whatever, in the future, may be the feelings of these two peoples, Japanese and Americans, one towards the other, it can be remembered that in other years through the medium of art, that aspiration towards beauty common to all men of civilization a unity was found which could annihilate differences and make therein a oneness above and beyond all the limitations of nationalism.

Two weeks were spent in China. The briefness of the visit was necessary because they wanted to be in India before the season was intolerable and at the same time the climate in China at that season of the year made travel very difficult. They visited Shanghai with its "Willow Pattern Garden", its temples, resplendent with colour and its streets of shops filled with examples of handicrafts. Hong Kong yielded up an impression of busy internationalism, not particularly inspiring to an artist. Canton was richer, with its potteries and its "Flowery Pagoda." Singapore was remembered for its wood-carvers and Penang for its pewter-workers. Each place yielded up beauty after its kind and Dow left with a feeling of irritation that time did not permit him to make more extensive investigations.

After China came obscure far-away places, places which are but names to most of us; Sumatra, which had intimate connections in the maritime era of New England with Ipswich, as it was the center of the pepper trade in which many Ipswich sea-captains were engaged; Colombo, Kandy, Matale, and Dambulla, with its ancient rock temple around which was gathered a native school of pottery working in a distinctive tradition and technique not found in any other place in the world.

At Kandy much time was spent in a study of the lace-making which was carried on there. And here was another connection with Ipswich for in the days before the American Revolution the town was the center of the lace industry of the country and, in fact, the only town in America that ever made lace on an industrial scale. Dow found that in Kandy they made it very much as it was made in his native town and that they obtained their thread from the lace center of England, Nottingham. This was because none of the local threads were strong enough.

At Annaradhapura an extended stay was enjoyed and the rea-

son for it was the presence there of the extensive ruins as well as the remains of a once great art.

The next step followed logic as well as geography, Madura, with its Dravidian art tradition, probably the oldest in the Aryan world. Then came Madras with an inspection of the School of Arts which proved of interest for the reason that it was teaching creative work in a manner that combined both the arts and the crafts and at the same time preserving as far as possible the ancient Indian traditions

Here also Dow made an intensive study of block printing on cloth as it had been practiced and perfected through the generations. Arcot, some miles outside the city, was the actual center of the work and here it was that he found the "tie and dye" process which he had the honour of introducing into American art teaching.

After Madras the next important stopping place was Calcutta where they met a host of interesting people. Among them was Girish Baha, the dramatist and an old Senana woman who was skilled in a type of knitting not found anywhere else in the world and apparently the sole representative of a tradition which probably would have been doomed to extinction had not Dow recorded the entire technique.

The people met in Calcutta were not exclusively people interested in art for another quite different class was included in their circle. Perhaps it was one of the most exotic groups to be found in that city of extreme contrasts. They met them through Miss Sarah Farmer and Mrs. Ole Bull. This colony, for it was a distinct colony, was made up of English women who had allied themselves with one of the many native cults. Through them Dow had the opportunity to observe intimately a side of native life which existed for most people only in books and tracts. He was given the chance to watch (at a discreet distance to be sure) their esoteric temple services and their indelicate religious dances, (at least indelicate to any New Englander trained in strict Puritan traditions).

While in Calcutta they were often guests of Professor Bose who was doing pioneer work in sensation in plants. They visited his laboratories and saw much of his work. Through Professor Bose they met Mr. Dutt, the classical historian of India and through him

gathered a large amount of unpublished data relative to the art history and movements in India.

Mr. Havell, the head of the Government Art School, learning of Dow's presence in the city, invited him to visit and study at his institution and to photograph and to sketch as many of the art treasures which were kept there as he chose.

A trip was arranged along the Ganges under the direction of the Sisters of this weird cult whom they had met through Miss Farmer and Mrs. Bull. They went along the river until they got a good view of Mt. Everest and then returned, observing as they went the river life, the burning ghats and all the unpleasant ceremonials indigenous to the place. Through these same people they were guests for a few days at the Buddha Gaya Monastery.

It is not surprising that the things which interested Dow most in Benares beyond the architecture were the weavers who were found in great numbers working at their hand looms. While in that city he was under the tutelage of Swami Sadananda, one of the leaders of the cult already mentioned. This had distinct advantages for it opened doors into temples which were ordinarily closed to visitors, thus giving Dow an opportunity to study temple paintings seldom seen.

This Swami and another, Swami Bodhanda conducted the Dows to the Jain Temple at Sarnath with its distinct tradition within that sect.

Then came Agra with its perfection of artistic accomplishment, the Taj Mahal. Arthur Dow's visit should stand for all time as the classic approach to this eternal beauty. It is the custom for tourists to rush quickly to the objective but not so Dow. Probably the desire to do this was as strong in him as in any other person there for a first visit but he knew that the only way to approach beauty was with meek heart and due reverence, and this he did. He went first to the Agra Fort where in its "Jasmine Tower" was a perforated window with an ideal view of the Taj Mahal. He stood for a long space drinking in the colour, the line and the proportions of the building. His first impressions were of the temple as a whole. He waited until the sunset hour and then approached the building; through the soft light he went and rested under an arch which was near to the ob-

jective. Then as dusk came and the moon rose, he approached nearer, to the raised place in the middle of the garden, where he could see the tracery of the screens with their sculptured flowers. All that Dow recorded were these words: "This long gazing was like listening to great music." And so the evening hours went by and the night hours came and it was all of the same music. Later he recorded this: "The building is a complete composition, each part in perfect balance. It is very simple in its lines, its curves are restrained. It has a perfect setting."

Each day thereafter for as many as he could spare from other things not yet seen, Dow the artist, and not Dow the poet visited the Taj, studied, sketched and photographed and when he left took away with him that matured concept which in later years he was to reveal with vividness to succeeding classes of art students.

From Agra they went to Jaipur because it was a center of cloth printing and because there was an art school there which taught art through artisanship.

On reaching Bombay he was greeted by a Parsee gentleman, a Mr. Tata, who, having learned when he was expected to arrive, had arranged a trip for him to the Parsee center which was out in the country beyond the city. These two men, so different in race and background, sat down at eventide and watched and meditated on the beauty of the sunset. More interesting perhaps is the fact that Mr. Tata was well acquainted with the writing of John Dewey of Columbia and was enthusiastic over the ideas of this American scholar.

The time had now come to take leave of India and it was taken reluctantly for there was always the feeling with Dow that the art of any country was worthy of a life-time of study rather than the irritation of a few weeks of first-hand observation. The route was through the Red Sea into the Aegean, via the Suez Canal, past the Greek islands to Alexandria, and from there by rail to Cairo. And so he had come unto Egypt where waited for him a whole rich chapter in the aspirations of men recorded in stone and colour.

There was Cairo with its bazaars and its weavers and its metal workers. There were the pyramids and the Sphinx, each speaking to his spirit a message and a secret perhaps. There was a long trip up

the Nile to the Valley of the Kings. Clear, dry air heightened and intensified colour until the artist felt he must record as much of it as possible and so instead of sketching he painted, for there was a riot of colour about him such as he had never seen before. After these experiences he returned to Cairo, Alexandria, then Greece.

Athens is a home-coming for any artist and Dow felt it all very deeply. When he arrived in the city his first concern was to find a room which would give him a view of the Acropolis for he desired to be where he could always see it in the distance. The first walk to this upper city was a pilgrimage of artistic grace, slow and measured; every inch a place of observation and introspection. When the Areopagus was reached the glory that was Greece faded for a moment and New England triumphed, for St. Paul was a man after any New England heart; but not for long, for above was the Temple of Nike, singing victorious over all traditions with the pure music of line, mass and form, as it will always sing the home-coming of any poet of the space-arts.

In an instant Dow saw clearly how shallow a man Ruskin was (this is recorded) and he rejoiced in his freedom from any bondage to the ideas of this man, who, without any creative ability himself, spoke with dull dogmatism to those who had this gift.

At the Parthenon there is confession that words were not adequate to record his impressions. He knew that before him was a sincere wonder of the world, and, as was natural, he asked himself, why? To the question he leaves the answer. It was that when one comes into the presence of this building one does not have to think why it is so, one knows, not through the intellect but through the emotions, one *feels* the building, as he said. One did not have to look for its harmony of line, one did not have to exercise any trained discernment, there it was and it spoke its own language. His conclusion was identical with that which he reached before the Taj Mahal. It was like unto great music.

Perhaps it is not out of place here to give more than passing attention to Dow's reaction to classic form. He knew both by instinct and by training that music was the purest of all the arts and was a sort of divine measuring stick to evaluate man's creative impulses. When art impinged on Dow's delicate consciousness as pure

art, classical art, apart from romanticism and realism, it became to him something greater than itself, it was to him music.

Each day of the Athenian visit saw Dow on the Acropolis listening to what every ruined stone might say to him. And that message? It is hard indeed to translate into words a thing so complex. Perhaps quite simply it was the recognition that beneath the whole tradition represented there was a solid foundation of inspired artisanship from which must come any valid art. He knew as well as many are pleased to forget that the Greeks never had any word to make the specious modern distinction between artisanship and the fine arts. To them they were always one and the same thing. On this cornerstone Dow built in later years his whole philosophy of art.

When he left Athens his final word was that in that city he had found the summation of all that he had seen during the past months; that almost divine unity which could knit up all the diversities of the art panorama of a divergent world.

That which happened after Athens matters little here. His circle was complete. East and West had met and that was the end which he had sought when he started out months previously. There was Italy again; Naples, Pompeii, Rome, Assisi, Florence, Milan; after Italy Paris, England; they all passed in review making that full stream of art consciousness he brought back to America with him, and to Ipswich town.

It was a different manner of living to which Dow returned. While in India, or perhaps just before he left Japan, it is not certain, he had accepted the position of head of the Department of Fine Arts at Teachers' College, Columbia University. The invitation had come to him before he left America but it was a hard decision to make. His first reactions were against so much responsibility for he realized clearly that it would mean an end of much of his own work as creative artist with canvas and brush. The determining factors seemed to have come in Japan and his observation of Japanese art work. The position was accepted and the formal appointment came by cable while he was in India.

He arrived in Boston, June the sixteenth, 1904, and came immediately to Ipswich to prepare for the Ipswich Summer School of Art. This was the first year in which a limitation in the registration

was necessary, and this year marked the zenith of this particular work. During the following years some of the work which he had always done was turned over to able and competent assistants.

In the autumn of 1904 Dow began his work at Columbia. The account of this part of his life must be at best inadequate. Any commensurate presentation of this period should come from some of the members of his staff associated with him during those years. A university is a living, breathing organism, with a distinctive personality and it has its own stream of consciousness, a flavour, a point of view, a psychology apart from any of the individuals which feed and nourish its life stream. Dow identified himself completely with Columbia and for one who has not come into first-hand contact with it any impression must needs be erroneous. For one apart to gather from thinning personal letters, professional correspondence and catalogue announcements a valid picture of these years would indeed be presumption. So it is that the fullest years, and that part of his life which should have the larger portion of any study given to it, must perforce, acknowledge defeat at the very start of the desire to deal justly with it.

Dow's first task there was to gather about him a sympathetic staff. This he did and the major portion of it went through all the years with him and after his passing carried on the work which he had organized. Between him and them there was established a subtle bond and to write of his accomplishments at Columbia apart from them does justice to neither, Dow himself would be the last to desire any claim or memorial of personal success which did not include those who worked with him and made their contributions to the whole.

As has been intimated, these were the most active years of his life. But he was no longer an individual; he was part of a system which had for its definite task and aim that high ideal, the leavening of the then dead lump of art education in America. How far that end was accomplished is testified to by the fact that students from Teachers' College have and do hold a majority of the art teaching positions in the country.

The material at hand for this period shows clearly that among this staff (in 1907 consisted of seventeen members exclusive of him-

self and at the time of his death was much larger) there was not the relationship of a master with disciples; it was something much finer, much higher, a relationship of co-workers for an ideal. None of this large staff merged or lost any individuality, rather, each in turn seemed to have, through Dow, found a complete harmonious expression within a system which was not motivated by selfish ends but the zeal of a common cause. This object was to them as real and as vital as any in American life. Perhaps some day there may come a new school of historians with courage to admit that those who give their lives to broaden man's experience by increasing his capacity to know beauty should have a primacy in written chronicle above the soldier and the statesman whose end in life is a way of destruction of all that is fine in living.

Today, a decade after the passing of Arthur Dow, the spirit of his department at Teachers' College, Columbia University, has permeated the country. Out of those years of co-operate effort has come and is slowly coming, without haste, and without rest, a feeling towards beauty, towards an appreciation of the beautiful. It has a practical sincerity about it that no academic approach could ever have. The scholarly historian of art is one thing, but the vitalized teacher who can make art live as an intimate part of a bread and butter world is another. Of this latter was Dow and his work.

Every college and university in the country and every preparatory school, worthy of the name involved, now have departments of Fine Arts. That was not true when Dow began his work as teacher. These various departments divide themselves into two distinct classes; first those in which the Fine Arts are purely academic; that is, those whose efforts are given over to imparting historical knowledge of the Arts and are attended with minute and tedious research into minor art movements in even more obscure periods; and the other class is that in which the historical approach is combined with creative activity. Where one finds the latter one may be quite sure that its origin can be traced to the work of Arthur Dow.

From the day he began work at Columbia his life was ceaseless activity. Contacts multiplied as did demands on his time. In February, 1905, the National Art Club of New York elected him to membership in its body. In 1907 he was elected to the presidency

of the Eastern Art Teachers' Association and he accepted this latter position with his usual zeal with the result that the association became the model for other sectional art associations.

This same year the University of California asked him to accept a lecture engagement for the following summer, offering him an honorium of seven hundred dollars and expenses for eight lectures.

The summer of 1906 saw the last session of the Ipswich Summer School of Art. For the last time the old town was an art center, perhaps the art center of the North Shore. For the last time Bayberry Hill was the inspired center of the town; thereafter the town settled back into the prosperity of stocking mills and "summer people" and all the narrow prejudices that followed the petty distinctions arising from the divisions which resulted. For the last time the Festival of Lanterns was held, the pretty, almost pagan custom of a last night of a summer-school, wherein all the students lighted their lanterns and wended their ways over the hills, swinging their lanterns as they went to the studio for a last still hour of beauty.

The summer of 1907, the first which did not include the Ipswich School, was spent partly in Ipswich and partly in Maine. The weeks were filled with painting in both places. Maine is a very varied place and Dow chose out of its richness lonely coastal islands.

He returned to Columbia that fall to a full schedule. Added to his classes was the necessity of preaching the gospel of art appreciation. This season the missionary journeys went as far south as Richmond where he gave a series of lectures. In a letter of appreciation it is written that the attendance was larger than any tendered any previous visiting speaker, except politicians. This in a way symbolized the renaissance in the Old Dominion of art interest.

Among the Dow papers one finds hastily written notes which he prepared in anticipation of such lectures. They give the distinct impression of having been written on trains, or at odd moments between other activities. From them one can gather the type of message which he gave to these communities, so underprivileged in aesthetic matters. In those which are marked "Richmond" one reads: "Art is the most *useful* thing in the world, and the most valued thing. The most useful is always that which is made as finely as possible and completely adapted to its purpose; the most valued be-

cause it is the expression of the highest form of human energy, the creative power which is nearest the divine. This vast creative energy finds expression in supreme works, but they are few. It finds expression in all works beautiful in form, tone and colour, but there is one universal expression, in appreciation.

"There is a sense in which we are creators when we appreciate the works of creators. Then the aim of art education, as I understand it, is the development of power, not mere accomplishment, not amusement, not something which is merely useful, but a development of power, a training that will help us do all we do in a finer way, a training in critical judgment and efficiency. Every work of fine art is harmony . . . " This is perhaps the epitome of the Dow credo when it approached the problems of aesthetics.

The summer of 1908 was spent in France and in England. The reason for this trip was to serve as one of the American delegates to the International Art Congress in London held that summer. Mrs. Dow was his constant companion in this as in all his other activities. They sailed early and spent several weeks in a Gothic pilgrimage before the meeting of the Congress. Dow had never had opportunity before, nor leisure to make the detailed study which he desired to do of the Gothic problem. They began in France, as was natural, and visited the outstanding examples to be found there, Dow with notebook, sketch-book and camera as usual. They went to England in season to continue the work among the developments and variations of that peculiar style.

The latter part of July found him in London preparing for the Congress and engaged in supervising the hanging of the exhibitions of the various American schools. These were shown in the new wing of the Victoria and Albert Museum which at that time was still in the process of construction. This condition made work very difficult for the building was filled with dust and debris from the work going on there but Dow looked the situation over, went out and hired some men to clean and scour the American section and then placed these American exhibits.

In the midst of this activity he was interrupted by the Honourable Secretary of the Congress, Lord Carlisle. A mutual liking sprang up between these two men and that first night Professor and

Mrs. Dow were the dinner guests of the Lord. Carlisle's home had more than ordinary interest for Dow because there was embalmed in portions of it mementos of various art movements of England. The library was the joint product of the combined efforts of Burne-Jones, Walter Crane and William Morris. Each had been commissioned to do part of it and each had objected to the work of the others. The result was historically interesting if not wholly successful.

The Congress was international in scope and gave Dow an opportunity to meet many important leaders in art instruction from both East and West. Like any such affair the schedules were exhausting and too much was crowded into every day. Dow was the speaker of the occasion at many of the meetings and at many sectional dinners. He was invited to address the Art Teacher's Guild of London and was given honorary membership in that body.

The formal opening took place July twenty-seventh and was performed by the Princess Louise, a daughter of Queen Victoria. Sir William Richmond was the Chairman of the occasion. It must be recorded, unfortunately, that Sir William had sought preliminary inspiration, not in metaphysical speculation but in physical matter and it had an unfortunate effect on his tongue which gave rise to some amusing "Spoonerisms". Sir William was politically rather than art minded so he used the occasion to launch an attack on his government before this international group.

For ten days there was a constant round of social engagements; dinners, teas and lunches. At a majority of these occasions Dow was the official spokesman for the American delegation. He kept, as was his custom, careful notes of the Congress. His final conclusions are interesting. He was of the opinion that most of the addresses were pointless and far from constructive; that all seemed to feel the need for something in art education but just what that need was none were able to find the right words to express. Beyond this he concluded that the value of such meetings was not in the formal speeches and learned papers offered but rather in the personal contacts wherein individuals could exchange ideas and talk of things which none cared to include in formal public statements.

Miss Morris, the daughter of William Morris, entertained Mr. and Mrs. Dow at a tea in the house of her late father. Dow confides

to the privacy of his note-book his personal reaction to Morris furniture and because of the personal nature of these records one can only say that they included such adjectives as "great" and "awkward". In the Morris garden Dow observed some goldenrod blooming and it brought memories of Ipswich town to him. He expressed his admiration for this flower to Miss Morris with the result that Miss Morris expressed a considerable hatred for it, feeling that its colour was harsh and that it was impossible to use it at all for purposes of design. Dow listened with well-bred attention, records the conversation and then adds these words — "Note — Make a study of goldenrod, with all its possibilities for design, also study its form for use in paintings".

He found time between the meetings of the Congress to visit and to observe many of the movements then in progress which had for their end a combination of the arts with the crafts. Dow was quick to separate the chaff from the solid material of practical accomplishment.

So the days went by and Dow stored his mind and his note-books with vivid impressions of what others were doing or attempting to do in the realm of art education.

He returned to America in time for registering the 1908-1909 classes at Columbia. The student body of his department showed a decided increase which meant more work for no matter how large the registration Dow always insisted that every student had a right to individual attention and consideration.

Beyond his routine duties as head of his department with its teaching and directing he assumed as much activity as possible. In January of 1909 he gave a series of ten lectures before the National Society of Craftsmen. In April of that year he gave another series before the National Academy of Art. In October he filled an appointment as visiting lecturer in Fine Arts at Johns Hopkins University. The far West was loud in its demands for him to come there to lecture. He desired especially to accept the invitations which came from California for his students were doing brilliant work there with great enthusiasm, but lack of time made it impossible at this time.

It was his custom to have at least one exhibition of his own work during the winter season in New York. This was usually held

at the Montross Galleries. It was during the summer months that he painted and thus was sure of a certain number of new canvases for the following winter. The press criticisms of these exhibitions are preserved and they were, on the whole, favourable.

A study of his letters during these years at Columbia show that there existed between Dow and his students a rather intimate relationship which continued after they were graduated from the department. Most of these students found teaching positions and when problems came up in their work as they were bound to do, especially in the first years of teaching, they always felt free to write to him and to ask for counsel and advice which was always given. Mrs. Dow wrote in a personal letter to one of her many friends that both she and Mr. Dow considered the students as their children and when they went out into the world they liked to watch over them and to enter into their successes and to share their problems.

In placing graduates Dow exercised the utmost care and always considered it a personal problem and duty of his position. He had an uncanny sense of foreknowledge as to the kind of environment in which each student would find opportunity for creative and happy work. So they went out, year after year, an endless procession of students and in their going out they did not sever any bonds with the school, but rather strengthened them, and, as Mrs. Dow expressed it, became a family of art. In all this Dow showed as much interest in some teacher in a rural community in the South as he did in one who had become the head of an art department in some large and successful secondary school or college.

In activity of this kind the zeal of the Puritan was strong in him and art was always a sort of missionary enterprise with a whole nation waiting to be converted to the gospel of beauty and the appreciation of it.

Out of this welter of work came a leave of absence from Columbia for the first semester of 1911-1912. His first inclination was to make another trip to Japan. When one of the leading tourist agencies of the country learned that he was thinking of such a trip they made him a most amusing offer of all expenses and a salary if he would take a small selected group with him. This was followed by other such offers all of which he firmly, but politely refused.

The ultimate decision was not Japan but America. Dow, as artist, had never foregone his early decision of being a painter of the American scenery, and so it was that he started forth to discover America of the West, so-called.

They started in the fall of 1911 from New York going to Toronto, then to Chicago and after there to New Mexico. It is surprising to learn, even as late as this year, of the primitive state of society in these western regions. Going west the trains were crowded with tubercular patients in all stages of dissolution and they had a very depressing effect on the Dows.

All along the route the artist was looking for motifs that would symbolize various sections of the country. In Kansas he reached the conclusion that the only painting which would catch and at the same time epitomize this region would be a tumble down house surrounded by hogs.

In Arizona was the first extended stop. Conditions of living and work were very difficult indeed. He wished to come into as intimate contact with Indian life as possible and to study what was left among them of their native art. His plans also included painting of the Mesa and the Canyon country.

The railroad had cheerfully informed him while in New York that he was going to a section of the country where the sun always shone. It refused to obey this command. There was much delay due to storms, torrential downpours (of rain), heavy mists which obscured the mountains and snow which made travel difficult. For many days in Arizona they lived on a diet of ham and potatoes, which, while wholesome in its way, did not tend to make life cheerful.

Over a week was spent at Lagwana. It was there that Dow made his contacts with the Indians. The note-books of this trip include an incident in connection with this investigation and study. Dow met a Presbyterian missionary to the native race. While a thoroughly religious man, skilled in the theological arts he had scant love for the material with which he was working. Perhaps that might have been accounted for by the ideology of his religious background; at least he seems to have been quite convinced that the American Indian was predestined to eternal damnation. This good, though stern soul, was conducting a school for Indian children, pre-

sumably through some irrational faith that damnation is better enjoyed by the educated than the uneducated. Dow was permitted to take any of the classes in the school which he cared to do and he availed himself of the offer and spent several days in the class-rooms, teaching them facts through the medium of artistic expression.

The weather was very cold and the places where they found lodging were either improperly heated or kept at torrid temperatures. A trip was made to the "Enchanted Mesa" by a team driven with a combination of Mexican horse and a mule. This mesa made a vivid impression on the artist and he tarried long enough to paint it under the most difficult of conditions.

On November the tenth they went to Flagstaff, Arizona, for a study of the remains of the cliff-dwellers. When they arrived in this town they found all banks and shops closed because there was a circus in town. A day of complete rest was necessary in order that they might accustom themselves to the high altitude.

Dow suffered considerable delay in his work because of gales and very low temperatures but he kept his patience and waited on the weather. The primitive life of Flagstaff amazed Dow. He found women working sixteen hours a day. All about were tubercular patients.

One of his Teachers' College graduates was teaching art in the Normal School in this outpost of civilization and she arranged a little reception for him in which he recorded as intense a pleasure as he did at the dinners given him by various members of the English aristocracy in London. He made two visits to this Normal School and on each occasion took over the classes and gave to the students the inspiration of his personality.

The two nights before they left Flagstaff Dow spent in the Observatory there as the guest of Dr. Lowell. They were spent in star gazing, Lowell showing off his friends in the sky with an enthusiasm which Dow enjoyed. November the fifteenth they went to El Tovar, a place on the brink of the Canyon.

At El Tovar a three day trip was made to the other end of the Canyon. This was followed by a trip down the "Bright Angel Trail". The artist was overpowered by the colour which he saw all about him. He realized quickly that he was living in a new world

and confessed that it took days before his eyes would adjust themselves to the colour, something which was necessary before he did any work at all. In his painting there he realized his own limitations and the limitations of any artist for that matter. He wrote that the landscape was completely foreign to anything with which he had ever had any previous experience and that one had to work with the greatest rapidity to catch any one colour before it changed, or seemed to change into another. Nothing in his training had prepared him for the problems involved. In the note-books one finds a line in which he says there was something unfriendly about it all and that much of his time was spent in an attempt to enter into a sympathetic relationship of friendliness as a preparation for entry into this new and brilliant world.

After Arizona came California. Mrs. Dow's brother was living in Pamona and thither they went first that they might enjoy the festival of a New England Thanksgiving together in the warmth of California. And they did, with the traditional feast of the Puritans under conditions which made it seem almost unreal to them for the heat was oppressive and a part of the dinner had to be eaten out of doors to catch the breezes, such as they were. Everything was in stark contrast to the cold November festival made bright with roaring fires in fireplaces and frost on windows and perhaps snow out of doors.

After Pamona, the City of the Angels. It was a center of Dow enthusiasm and Dow enthusiasts. Many of his best students had returned there to work and they all awaited his arrival, each wishing to claim as much time as manners would permit. Every literary, academic and artistic organization in the city had taken it for granted that he would appear before them, and he did.

The Normal School had for a staff in its Department of Fine Arts, a complete tally of Dow graduates. Los Angeles was a full schedule of lectures, dinners and receptions. It gave him pleasure to meet so many old friends and to make so many new ones.

In a letter which Mrs. Dow wrote to a friend in the East she confided that while in California her husband walked as one in a dream for his mind was always back in the Grand Canyon and that during this period he was completely the absent-minded professor.

While California was pleasant to Dow, while it offered up its sweet incense of appreciation as no other section of the country did, yet the Grand Canyon called to him; its colour had entered his soul and he was not happy until he had mastered it. The result was that he cut his California visit short, left the warmth and the sunshine and the rich hospitality and returned to the Canyon, leaving Mrs. Dow to fulfill social obligations in California.

He returned to Teachers' College in time for the registration of the second semester of 1912. That spring he was invited by the Department of Education of his native state to speak before the art teachers of the Commonwealth. The address was in Boston, that Boston which had seen him in other years as a student; that Boston which had seen his first American exhibition as an artist and that Boston which had seen his first showing of his ink sketches and colour prints.

He came, not as the conqueror comes but rather as one art teacher speaking from his heart to other art teachers but it must be confessed that the words which he used had not been heard in Boston Town in all its aesthetic history.

Dow knew his Boston very well. He knew that the Museum School was lumbering along in its outmoded traditions of the Paris schools of decades ago and thought them good, and that it was smug, content and placid. Across the Charles he knew that art was being taught as an academic discipline, delighting in the exploration of obscure painters and movements in other ages and that what little creative work it was doing was being done by an amusing system of dots and dashes, squared papers and mechanical imitation. Into this complacent world Dow came and he spoke very simply on the teaching of art.

The rough notes of this address are among the Dow papers and perhaps a few excerpts would not be out of place here:

"Art is not in itself a visible thing. It cannot be measured, weighed or apprehended in any way by the objective senses. In this respect it resembles all vital forces.

"This conception of art must entirely change the attitude and vocabularly of those most concerned. Art cannot create a caste, be a luxury or a mere adornment. It must be taken from the studio and

the decorator's shop. Such words as *true, decorative, historic style,* and *beauty* do not define art, they are not broad enough.

"As teaching is a process of building there must be a foundation strong and solid upon which to rear the structure that will be worth the effort.

"A structure in fine shape and colour may be a picture, a carpet, a cup or a costume. Very few structures in fine line will be 'decorative' or have any reference to decoration — a portrait, a building, a chair. Not many harmonies of shape, tone and colour will be derived from nature but will be pure creations, — a well printed page, a geometric pattern, a woven quilt, a cathedral, a colour scheme for a room.

"Representation becomes not a fundamental process but a valuable exercise. Drawing becomes a means of expression, not an exercise for developing skill or acquiring knowledge.

"Truth can have little to do with art, as art is not measured in terms of true and false, but in terms of fine and commonplace. Sincerity is likewise a useless term in art. Applied Art is a misuse of terms, you cannot apply a quality of fineness to things any more than you can apply character to a man.

"Design is not a matter of pattern and arrangement based upon nature forms but the foundation of all expression in art, the very grammar of art."

From this introduction Dow launched into his own deeper philosophy of art which will be considered in another place.

Meanwhile his work at Columbia was gaining international attention. An exhibit of his work, or rather his students' work in all the various stages of instruction had been shown, first in Paris and then in Budapest. This collection illustrated quite precisely what Dow was doing at Columbia and his theory and practice of "Composition".

It did not pass unnoticed in Europe, quite to the contrary it stirred up considerable interest as well as agitation. Art teachers in France and other parts of Europe wrote letters asking all manner of questions. They would write in their own language. Dow had no difficulty with the French but Hungarian and Austrian dialects were a problem.

The English Art Teacher's Association sent over to Teachers' College a paid representative to study his work and methods at first hand.

During the summer of 1912 the International Art Teacher's Association held a Congress in Dresden. The committee in charge of this event was very anxious to have Dow present but press of work in America and previous plans made this impossible so he did the next best thing; he prepared a paper to be read there, and sent it by one of his staff to read. The original draft of this paper is in the Dow collection and it presents in clear concise English the whole essence of what he considered the fundamentals involved in the teaching of art.

He had examined the prospectus of this Congress with care and had noted that in all the important positions on committees were men who represented the time hallowed traditions of the French and German schools. In other words, he knew that Congress was directed by ultra-academicians. He kept all this very clearly in mind when he wrote his paper and took the battle right into enemy territory and opened with a polite, though forceful attack on that whole point of view.

He used the historical method of approach and after a polite prolegomena used these words: "The Academic method is a reflection of the professional art schools. Its origin may be traced to the late Renaissance. Its method is traditional and scientific, making the requirement of knowledge of nature's facts the first step and the foundation of all progress. The process is imitative and the standard external."

Of his own synthetic approach he writes: "The structural is a return to the natural method of pre-academic days. It was the method practiced in Europe from ancient time down to the Renaissance, and is still used by the Orientals and by all who are independent of scientific domination. The approach is through structure, the building up of harmonies of shape, tone and colour — and the purpose is the development of power in the individual. Self expression begins at once, involving all forms of drawing and leading to appreciation. The process is creative and the standard is individual judgment as to fine relations."

From this point he works his material towards a fine climax with an appeal for common sense in art instruction. Any adequate treatment of Dow's contribution to practical aesthetics would have to include this paper for careful consideration and analysis.

This same year his old friend and sometime colleague, Denman Ross, published a book on the teaching of art. It marked the parting of the ways for the two men. Both had started from the same premises but had reached different conclusions. Dow acknowledged frankly that his primary inspiration and the starting point of his attitude was that which he learned from his contacts with Fenollosa. Dow read the Denman Ross book with interest. That was natural, but the reading of it made his heart bleed, and those are his own words. This sadness came because Dow read those sections devoted to Oriental Art, the heart of the book perhaps, and saw written there many ideas which were distinctly those of Fenollosa and he looked for some acknowledgment of the old master who was now dead but found none. Dow also noted, he records, that the cream of his own book "Composition" had also been skimmed and included in the Ross book under like conditions as the Fenollosa material, but this did not hurt him at all; it only led to tolerant amusement.

Dow spent the summer of 1913 at Gay Head, one of the most colourful places on the Massachusetts coast and as a result produced a series of interesting paintings.

The winter of that year saw him ready to exhibit the result of his work of the Grand Canyon. The place chosen to show these paintings was the Montross Galleries. He had seventeen canvases ready and some of them were the largest he had ever done. Into this series went, perhaps, the full creative energy of the artist and they mark the high-tide of his work. Probably few of his contemporaries and associates realized how much of the artist went into this work and accuracy demands that it be written that because of them many years of work were willingly sacrificed. It was at this time, perhaps because of over-work, perhaps because of an accident in the Canyon itself in which a mule had thrown him with some violence down a Canyon trail, that a spinal injury began to show its first symptoms which medical science was helpless to remedy. After this, despite his almost superhuman efforts to master a hopeless situation

his eager hands could never quite overcome the increasing inroads of the malady. It would seem that Dow himself realized intuitively that life thereafter would be a nearer approach to "Sunset Horizons".

The exhibit attracted considerable attention. In the announcements Dow stated quite frankly that in the work which he had done he had not attempted to paint particular places, nor any of the famous views of the Canyon but rather he had sought to abstract the spirit of the place.* Colour, in his own words, "first of all, burning bright or smouldering under ash grays. The line, for the colour lies in rhythmic ranges, pile on pile, a geologic Babylon. This high thin air, iridescent from cosmic dust, shapes and shadows seen in these vast distances and fearful deeps are blue, now vibrating with spectral hues. At sunset the 'temples' are flaming orange red, glorified like the Egyptian god in his sanctuary."

The press critics, hired to see all the paintings of every season, year after year, frankly confessed in several of the reviews that they went to the Montross Galleries expecting to see just another series of Canyon oil photographs. Some confessed that they went to scoff, for they considered any artist foolhardy attempting such material, yet all stayed to study and then to agree that in them was the spirit of the place; and that here was a new Dow, keyed up to an emotionalism which they had little suspected.

The very titles given to the paintings reveal the poetic approach: *Cosmic Cities, The Destroyer, Coloured Air, The Glory of Shiva, Blue Depths, The Tipping Castles, Silence, Red Wall Rhythms, The Unpeopled Cities* and *Earth Waves*. These canvases were in great demand. Some went to Washington, some to North Carolina, some were included in the Carnegie Exhibit of that year.

Many things were happening in the realm of art in the year 1914. Politics and international tenseness were not the only branch of human activity seething in a volcano of restlessness. A new spirit had come into art. Dow was sensitive to it and felt that it paralleled his own art activity. There was a new art being born. A little of it had washed up on American shores to confuse and irritate people.

*This observation in his own words is interesting in the light of the various theories of the extreme modernists and radicals that sprang up in contemporary art after his death. It would seem that Dow had anticipated ideas of others by at least a decade and put them into practice.

Dow was interested in it and wanted to see first-hand just what was happening in European art centers. He decided to make a hurried visit to Europe that he might hunt out and study first-hand the cause of this disquietude which was permeating the smugness of the old guard in American art. Dow was not a man to deal in second-hand opinions and platitudes or condemnations. He never spoke until he knew in his own mind whereof he was speaking.

In May they, for Mrs. Dow was always his companion in all that he did, sailed for Holland. Several weeks were spent there amid the Dutch and Flemish masters of the past. After Holland he went to Germany; through many cities he travelled with eager eyes, Berlin, Munich, Dresden, Potsdam. He had expected to find examples of the new art everywhere but they were not included in any of the ordinary exhibitions and had to be sought after in out-of-the-way places, out of the main stream of art. Yet he did find examples of this new approach to art and he studied them with critical eye and breadth of spirit not common among his contemporaries. He realized that while there was considerable of chaos in it all, yet underneath these newer artists were trying in their way to escape the cul-de-sac of dead academic tradition as he had done in his way, that of the Orient, so many years ago. When the now famous Armoury Exhibit opened in America the following year there was nothing either to surprise or confuse Dow.

He returned to Teachers' College after this brief European interlude to find his duties increasing. Students swarmed at registration around his desk and his staff increased in size.

He agreed, in 1913, to act as critic for the Student's Art League of Pittsburg. 1915 saw him on the Jury of the Pennsylvania Academy. His list of speaking engagements grew with the years.

The war came on in Europe and had its indirect effects on American life and living. Dow lost one of his best instructors, Mr. George Cox, who left Teachers' College to serve his country. He was a British subject. Young Mr. Cox illustrates the method in which Dow built up his staff. He was an Englishman of talent and ability who came to this country to seek fame and fortune, both of which he lacked. Dow discovered him in New York, recognized his abilities and had him appointed to the staff at Teacher's College.

During his first years of teaching Dow watched over him as a father would a son.

Dow's work had attracted so much attention that a popular magazine, the *Delineator,* asked for a series of popular articles for their pages. Dow hesitated some time before he agreed to this request but when he realized the enormous circulation of this periodical and the class of people to whom it went he felt that the opportunity to do missionary work was too great to be lost so availed himself of it. He spent many hours in the preparation of these articles and in fairness to the *Delineator* it must be added that they paid him a large sum for them.

In 1915 he sent some of his work to the Panama Pacific Exposition and the jury there awarded him a bronze medal.

In 1916 he lectured at the School of Fine Arts at Yale University on Japanese art.

During the summers of these over-active years the artist spent his time in retreat in Ipswich. They had purchased "Windcroft", an estate adjoining the old Dow property on Brook Lane. "Windcroft" had the advantage of more isolation than the old summer home as it was located on a hill away from the rest of the town. It commanded a magnificent view of the river, bay, Castle Hill and the ocean. There was no rest here for Dow never rested, each day he went out sketching and painting. Days of cloud and rain were spent in the Bayberry Hill studio. This new summer retreat made it possible for the Dows to cut themselves off completely from social life and its futile requirements.

The Bayberry Hill Studio had lost some of its charm for Dow because of the fact that a few years previous a man of wealth had erected a great and ugly Italian villa in the valley below the hill. Its red roof screamed its irritating colour against the New England scene. Dow always felt that such monuments of untutored taste stood as an object lesson for the need of the gospel of appreciation which he was preaching.

During the year 1915 the Ipswich Historical Society elected him a Trustee of their foundation. This honour, now slight to one who had been honoured by the world, was accepted with that sincerity and pleasure which only one who loved the town could accept.

At the first annual meeting after his election, he found time out of his many activities to prepare a paper of appreciation of his old friend, now deceased, Augustine Caldwell. In this paper Dow recorded Caldwell's contribution to the historiography of the town after which he spoke of the man and of him he writes:

"The world called him impractical. This is true if by it is meant taking little thought of himself. I found that he had given his Greek Concordance to a poor minister and asked him if he ever used it. 'Use it? Why, I use it every day.' I recall the time he gave another minister his best winter overcoat and his remark was then, 'What is the use of giving unless you give something you value?'

"Augustine Caldwell attained neither name nor fame in large degree:—for this he did not strive. I doubt if many of his own town's people realized the rare quality of the man who walked their streets, but he loved and served his fellow men and his reward is sure."

An institution is a living organism and it has its own vitality and its own life-blood to nourish its personality. That life-blood is fed by the creative energy of those who serve it. This is particularly true of an institution of higher learning. The Department of Fine Arts at Teacher's College, Columbia, had become the outstanding center of art teaching in America long before 1922. This priority had been purchased by the life-blood and the living vitality of Arthur Dow and his devoted staff. Mrs. Dow in her own way had made her full contribution. Through the years she had watched the institution absorb the energy of her husband and she pitted all her physical and mental resources against the demands which grew with the years. Whenever an opportunity presented itself wherein she could assume to herself any of the worry or the work she availed herself of it. She stood as a wall of love around him to help and to protect. Under the strain of this defensive activity her own health broke in 1919. The three years which preceded this had been years of blind hope that strength would be given them both to carry to completion the work and the dream of years. Sustaining this hope was always the vision of Ipswich hills, waiting for the day when both would find years of release from institutional activity in which the artist could lay aside the

high mission of teaching and perfect that art which he had been forced to neglect.

Those years never came for on the morning of Dec. 13th, 1922 Arthur Dow went to lecture to a class at Teachers' College. Those who were present tell that he never had spoken with greater inspiration, greater poetry, never had made beauty the supreme reality as he did in that hour. When it was over he returned to his home to rest for he felt he needed it.

And rest came, eternal rest, quiet, like a benediction, just as he would have had it come perhaps. He had spoken of Beauty and the vision had warmed his spirit and the hour had come wherein all his dreams which had touched and illumined so many a canvas, which had made like great music his thinking, must, if life has any meaning at all, have received their full fruition. His spirit went forth like the silent retreat of the tide from his beloved Ipswich marshes into the ocean of eternity.

There were services at the University and his weary body was brought to Ipswich to rest for a brief hour in the ancient Church of the Puritans and then to its journey's end on the hill. It is a quiet spot and looks out over the marshes and the sands to the sea. A simple boulder is there with simple words. On either side of it grow the savin and the bayberry which he had loved and planted there with his own hands.

From every state and from countries over the seas came expressions of sincere grief and sense of loss. Nicholas Murray Butler wrote these words: "His distinction in his chosen calling and his skill as a teacher of teachers for so many years are a monument to which all look with satisfaction in contemplating his useful and honourable life."

Mrs. Dow lived on, living when life had gone. An invalid, all she asked was sufficient strength to carry out the wishes of her husband, his wishes and her wishes, for they were always identical. During the few years which were hers she gave of his work which he had left behind with generosity to those who loved and appreciated. Monetary value had ceased to have any meaning for her.

The Emerson House, so long associated with the Ipswich Summer School of Art, because it was his wish and her wish, was deeded

to the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities, to be forever a memorial to the family of Emerson which produced so many splendid descendants of Thomas Emerson, the baker, the common ancestor of all the American family of that name, and also as a memorial to Arthur Dow who had saved it from destruction.

Mr. William Sumner Appleton, the Secretary of the Society, who received this gift has raised a small endowment and has watched over and guarded the property with that splendid interest characteristic of the Society which he represents.

When Mrs. Dow died, the sanctuary of their lives, Bayberry Hill, was given to the town. He had left his own wish in these words, "I give and devise to the Town of Ipswich my land on Bayberry Hill (so called) containing some eleven acres*, with a commanding view, which is dear to me, over the marshes, creeks, rivers and hills, to the ocean, to have and to hold by said town and its inhabitants forever, for the use of the public as a place of recreation and enjoyment, subject to such reasonable regulations as to control and improvement as may from time to time promote my general purpose. I request that the land so devised be called 'The Arthur Wesley Dow Park' and I give to said town the sum of five hundred dollars for the erection of a suitable memorial stone, a boulder with such inscription as may be deemed proper to be cut into its face."**

By an unfortunate circumstance the studio which was to have been a part of the gift had been burned a year before Mrs. Dow's death.

And now that the course of the life of Arthur Wesley Dow has been so lightly traced perhaps at this point there should be a back-

*Two years before Mrs. Dow's death she added to this original amount much more by purchase which adjoined the property in order that it should reach to Brook Lane. It is sad to record that when the gift came before the voters of the town there was a small and unpleasant opposition by some short-sighted politicians who only look at property in terms of a possible yield in taxes. This opposition was quickly overcome by a brilliant address by the Hon. George A. Schofield and another by Mr. Ralph W. Burnham, President of the Ipswich Historical Society.

**The Arthur Wesley Dow Park has been placed under the charge of Mr. Francis Wade of Ipswich, who is the Park Commissioner of the town. Mr. Wade, who is considered one of the greatest tree and park experts in Essex County, has assumed the responsibility of the Park as a work of love and is making it a sanctuary for local wild flowers, many rare specimens of which he sets out each year.

ward look and perhaps a word of prophetic vision.

This brief study carries with it the title, Arthur Wesley Dow, Historian, Artist, Teacher, three aspects of a glowing personality.

As an historian, Dow concerned himself chiefly with the town which gave him birth although without doubt during his lifetime he was without peer in the realm of the history of Japanese art. As historian of Ipswich he was, in collaboration with Augustine Caldwell, a pioneer. The Ipswich Antiquarian Papers and their edition (the only one for that matter) of the Hammatt Papers are a monument to this phase of his activity. While these words concern themselves chiefly with a very limited section, yet they reveal in their way one side of Dow's nature. The history contained in the Antiquarian Papers is not academic history nor is it text book history, rather one finds in them the poet with the backward look, cherishing all the traditions of the town as well as the facts of her history. As one reads their pages one finds living people, interest in events which any academic historian would pay scant heed to. No one can survey the historiography of Ipswich without recognizing in the work of Dow and his colleague, Augustine Caldwell, a very real and sincere contribution to knowledge of its past.

Considering Dow as artist, one touches on a very difficult problem. One naturally asks the question, "Was Dow a great artist?" The answer to that question cannot be answered here nor elsewhere at this time. From these pages it is evident that the central core of his life was artistic creation. From his youth up he dreamed and worked to the end that he might somehow through the medium of pigment and canvas create some measure of beauty which would reflect his own New England and America.

There are at present no canons by which one may judge greatness in art, or more exactly there are so many conflicting canons of judgment that to accept some is to deny others. In any judgment of Dow as artist there is first the acknowledged problem to be disposed of, viz: that with no universal premise of judgment no valid conclusions can be reached.

There seems then but one way of placing Dow as an artist and that is by the limitation of his own philosophy of art, for he had a very definite one by which he lived and through which he did his

creative work. Among his papers is a note-book filled with many pages in his own hand and this sets forth his convictions as to what is great and good in art and what is not.

In these notes Dow confesses that after much study he found that in the world in which he lived he could find no recognized Philosophy of Art. He found that Aesthetics was one of the latest branches of human knowledge to be systematized and he wrote that all he could find in that particular field was but a chaos of words. Dow concluded that in the West, until the beginning of the nineteenth century there was no body of material which could be called aesthetics and in the East nothing worthy of the name.

The difficulty of his problem can best be stated in his own words which are these:—

"At the outset of our inquiry we meet the full force of the difficulty. Our subject is art. But what is Art? Here is a word which everybody freely uses. What do we mean by it? Of those who have attempted to tell us, no two answers agree. Still more astonishing, in every great creative period of the world's art, no such word existed. The ancient Greeks, who, along certain lines carried art to the highest pitch, never had any word to describe art nor even any conception that it was anything peculiar to describe. The nearest approach to it was the term "music", which, however, like a similar term used by Confucius, included very much more than the Fine Arts."

Continuing a consideration of all the words which might possibly have been used to cover the meaning we have in the word "art", both in the Greek language and in the Oriental vocabularies he finds none of them approach any concept current among peoples of his age.

He then continued his historical approach to the problem and points out the fact which is one of history, that the Fine Arts were, in Western Europe, the pursuits, not of gentlemen but of artisans. He found that the term "Fine Arts" did not come into being until the middle of the previous century and was a translation of the French Beaux Arts. He then writes: "In the great days of creative art in the fifteenth century, men created designs for walls, curtains, carpets, furniture, utensils, windows, lamps, just as they painted pictures or carved statues; the famous painters of those days fur-

nished designs, and many of them received their early training in the 'decorative workshops'. When the decay and tyranny of painting began in the sixteenth century then art became more divorced from practical uses; painters as such became the objects of that mysterious regard which raised them to an equal rank with poets and quite differentiated them from the vulgar workmen in the goldsmith's and the silk weaver's shops. The power of practical designing soon fell off and art became the production of abstract pictures and statues, not designed for any particular place but to be crowded together in museums. The separation of painting from designing, and the popular indifference to the latter, caused a rapid fall in the quality of the art industries, until the middle of the last century they had reached almost their lowest point of degradation ever witnessed by any civilization."

Dow elaborates this with concrete examples and while we would like to include all these notes in this study it is obviously impossible. When he reaches the present century he wrote:

"With the beginning of the present century representation began to take on a new meaning. The new arts must be ranked as Fine Arts, but their representation must be determined by use, nature of material, and the laws of beauty of line and colour. Here then are arts akin to painting on the side of their representation, but akin to music on their side of form . . . The notion of painting itself has begun to split up and fall to pieces. Even in a picture, the most oily of oil paintings, there seem to be two things involved, the representative element of the subject, and the formal element, or the laws of beautiful line, notan and colour. Now the former of these might be ranked with poetry, but there can be no question that the latter must be ranked with music. It is not intellectual, but sensuous; and yet it is the vehicle of transcendant creation and mysterious beauty, as is the sound of music."

From these scant quotations from a considerable body of unpublished notes we may infer that Dow worked in conformity to a definite philosophy of art, that in painting he recognized a dual influence, representation and form, the one which was akin to the art of poetry and the other to the art of music. To him, we conclude as he concluded, a great picture must have the element of

poetry and the transcendant element of music, and a picture must evoke like reactions as do these two things.

Can we say then that Dow's work was tinged with the great rhythms of poetry? Not to me alone is this evident but to many who have looked at them and lived with them. And do they have the subtle nuances of music? Can one lose oneself in a Dow landscape as one loses oneself in, let us say, Debussy's "Nuages"? That has been my own personal reaction and that of many others.

Before we hazard any final opinion perhaps some review of the mass of critical material that accumulated over the years as the result of his many exhibitions should be considered. Press critics are masters of the commonplace in life by a stock in trade of trite phrases. They are all to be found in these criticisms and would apply equally well to any artist at any time. One fact does stand out in them all and it is that over the years the critics found something in Dow's work which baffled and at times irked them. Critics are hard headed realists after all, they look to see which way the wind blows and fill their verbal sails with its gustiness. They all saw the element of poetry in Dow's work and they did not like it. It was a hard element to deal with and the easiest way out was by the repeated use of the word "sentimentality".

As for the element of "mysterious beauty as in the sound of music" there is the conviction that the American art critic is not yet born with sufficient delicacy of spirit to know such an element, let alone to describe it.

One of these critics frankly admitted that he felt Dow was a great artist, as great as any painter and all that he needed to assure his eternal fame was to hire a competent publicity agent to put him before the public. And this man also said that Dow could have an international reputation equal to any American painter if he would but do the worldly wise thing. We hasten to add this was in the middle of Dow's artistic career.

In any judgment of the painter as artist one must never forget that the essence of the man was a sweet spirit which never cared particularly for the praise of people in general. He painted because he loved to paint and was happy in what he did. If the people liked his sincere efforts to express himself through his chosen mediums

he was pleased, as was natural. If the critics passed him by on the other side it did not disturb him. He had no flair for publicity and was nothing of a salesman, either for himself or his work. It was contrary to the inner core of his nature to sell himself, as so many artists have done after the manner of a brand of tooth-paste.

One must admit in all soberness that the majority of artists who enjoy popularity obtain that position through the harsh blare of paid publicity, either directly or indirectly. Had Whistler not been gifted with a Yankee passion for shrewdness in relation to the public about him it seems quite likely he would have lived and died in quiet oblivion to be rescued by some later, more discerning generation. But Whistler's life was the song of himself. So likewise in another way John Singer Sargent. He builded a reputation with a canny eye to the portraiture of the "right people". Picasso shines in the artistic firmament today with his many satellites because Gertrude Stein has sung his praises in season and out. This happens to be the season in which Picasso is *in*.

No greater proof is needed to prove that popular critical judgment as well as professional judgments are built on propositions which defy all logic than the case of El Greko. For centuries his work hung near the eyes and under the very noses of generations of what were considered able critics. These men made and destroyed artistic reputations. El Greko hung in plain sight, unseen. Had these men, for generations on end had any real, sincere, critical faculties they would have seen the beauty before them and remarked thereon. They did not.

In our own time almost, a German scholar discovered El Greko and wrote a very learned book on his work. It was read by the pedagogues in art. Their opinions percolated to their students and the forgotten master was discovered and recently one of his paintings sold for over one million of American dollars.

Now all this is written to show the obvious difficulty in making any estimate of Dow the artist. It cannot be done in this generation for this generation has no standards to judge him by. All that one can do is, as was intimated in the first place, look into his own philosophy of art and find if he lived and worked true to it. That he did. One evaluation may be permitted apart from this consideration. By

training Dow had mastered all the formal elements of the long and tedious academic tradition. He outgrew this tradition and became a rebel and there is a feeling that in his thinking and in his theories he was always much ahead of his craftsmanship. Habits of brush and hand gained by years of work are hard to put aside and often, in his best and most original period one sees them creeping in all unconsciously.

Again it must be remembered that Dow was too much of the poet to take over-much care as to where his painting went. He sold them to the discerning few. There are many instances in his letters where some obscure connoisseur writing a letter of appreciation and sincere admiration obtained from Dow examples of his work at prices commensurate with ability to pay. Ordinarily the prices which he received were those of any outstanding American artist.

The distribution of his work over the country is an interesting chapter but one which does not concern us here. The work which he did has wandered far and wide both in this country and in Europe.

The ultimate evaluation of Dow the artist lies with posterity as it has with all artists and this has been true since art began. Each age sees its contemporaries through the coloured glasses of style, current taste and the self appointed critics of art. To be really known every artist must first be forgotten then discovered afresh. So it will be with Dow.

Now we come to the last consideration, Dow the Teacher. The part which should be longest and best must needs be shortest and least adequate. One who has never sat under him as the teacher has no right to express opinions which hundreds can do far better from first-hand experience.

Dow as Teacher was without doubt one of the most dynamic personalities in his field in America. His work changed the whole attitude of a people. One must remember that he was a rebel against the tradition which had become fashionable, that tradition transplanted from the French Schools in which an art teacher was considered as a person who gathered around him a small group of people of more than average ability and set them to a rigid discipline which had for its end their training as artists who would reproduce the current fashion in painting. Dow attempted something more

difficult, he never attempted to found a school of artists, echoes of himself, he was far too modest and at the same time far too sincere for that. He had a greater end and a more difficult one of attainment.

His whole effort was to divorce art from its aristocratic and autocratic background and make it fit into the democracy which he saw about him. Each year there came under his influence hundreds of students who were to be teachers of art and not creators of artists. His students were to train youth and children in a way of discovery of beauty and individual expression.

Dow the Teacher was an incarnation of simplicity. I feel sure that he would not care to be remembered as a "system" of art instruction, for he never considered that he himself had either method or system definitely his own. With a keen sense of historical development he fashioned his teaching out of the best material of East and West. The result can be summed up in a word of his own choice, a word which he kept in the original Greek on the title page of "Composition"—*Synthesis*. Art was in his teaching a process of building, never a harsh commercial discipline but something more poetic, a sacramental way of living. The result was something which had the clear simplicity of the classical Greeks, and the richness of the East.

Perhaps no teacher in his generation awakened the devotion of students as Dow did. When one meets one of his students one always finds a person filled with a devotion to his memory and they all agree that he had the ability to make art live in the class-room and studio — and no higher goal can any teacher reach.

We have faith that some day there will be written in words something to preserve for future generations the spirit of the man as he taught. Words perhaps will be inadequate for the task, probably they never can capture the remembrance of his softly modulated voice, his controlled emotion, his clarity of diction and the manner by which he could lead students into the kingdom of art by the hand, as eager children are led, restraining, guiding, yet withal in a spirit of simple companionship.

Dow the Teacher must wait then for some student in whom he lives to preserve the memory of that greatest of all arts — teaching.

What has been written here tells but a small part of the story. It is sincerely hoped that in this writing many will feel by implication the depth, the breadth, and the genius which was Arthur Wesley Dow.

THE IPSWICH HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Annual Meeting of the Ipswich Historical Society was held on Monday evening, December 4, 1933. The officers were elected as follows:

Honorary President—Cornelius Crane

Acting President—Ralph W. Burnham

Vice Presidents—Francis R. Appleton, James H. Proctor

Treasurer—Charles M. Kelly

Assistant Treasurer—Mrs. Ralph Ladd

Secretary—Mrs. T. Frank Waters

Directors—Miss Sarah E. Lakeman, James W. Appleton, Amos E. Jewett, Dr. Frank W. Kyes, Henry S. Spaulding

Trustees—Joseph I. Horton, Charles M. Kelly, Robert S. Kimball

ANNUAL REPORT

FOR THE YEAR ENDING NOVEMBER 30, 1933

Balance December 1, 1932	$338.04	Fuel	$190.31
Annual dues	353.00	Water	21.28
Annual supper	84.77	Insurance	74.00
Visitors' fees	94.50	Postage	9.53
Books sold	25.31	Telephone	40.40
Cards sold	26.25	Printing	7.00
Telephone tolls	1.40	Association dues	4.00
		Repairs	85.29
		Taxes	50.25
		Sign	35.00
		Book—Settlers of Rowley	25.00
		Post Cards	61.27
		Envelopes	10.75
		Setting posts	24.00
		Federal tax on checks	1.02
		Miscellaneous	13.75
		Balance Dec. 1, 1933	270.42
	$923.27		$923.27

IN ACCOUNT WITH IPSWICH SAVINGS BANK

Balance November 30, 1932		$1,136.85
Interest		
Gandy Bridge 6's	$120.00	
U. S. Rubber	195.00	
Fed. Lt. & Power	40.00	
Ipswich Sav. Bank	51.04	
Dividends:		
Ohio Power Pfd.	148.12	
Elec. Bond & Share	8.73	
United Gas Imp. Com.	118.50	
United Gas Imp. Pfd.	9.87	
Pub. Ser. of N. J.	80.05	
Cen. Ill. Lt. Pfd.	103.69	
Am. Gas & Elec. Com.	104.65	
General Electric	39.50	
Atlantic City El. Pfd.	175.50	
R. I. Public Service	97.50	
		$1,292.15
		$2,429.00

BOUGHT

25 Anaconda Com.	$ 407.04
38/50 Am. Gas & El. Com.	15.44
10 Fidelity Found, Inc.	516.70
25 Incorporated Investors	473.50
Federal check tax	.02
Balance November 30, 1933	1,016.30
	$2,429.00

CAPITAL ACCOUNT

				Valuations
$2000.		Gandy Bridge Ser. A 6's 1965	35	$ 700.00
2000.		Federal Pr. & Lt. 6's 1945	37	740.00
3000.		U. S. Rubber Ser. K 6½'s 1936	75	2,250.00
109	shares	American Gas & Elec. Common	20	2,180.00
100	"	Anaconda Copper	15	1,500.00
30	"	Atlantic City Elec. Pfd.	90	2,700.00
125	"	Commonwealth & So. Common	2	250.00
15	"	Central Ill. Ltg. 7% Pfd.	75	1,125.00
100	"	Commonwealth & So. Warrants	5-16	37.50
55	"	Consolidated Equities	2¼	123.75
33	"	Electric Bond & Share Com.	13¾	453.75
10	"	Fidelity Fund, Inc.	51.28	512.80
100	"	General Electric Common	20½	2,050.00
25	"	Incorporated Investors	18.84	471.00
25	"	Ohio Power Preferred	71	1,775.00
27	"	Public Service N. J. Com.	35½	958.50
50	"	R. I. Public Service Pfd.	21	1,050.00
100	"	United Gas Imp. Common	16	1,600.00
2	"	United Gas Imp. Pfd.	85	170.00
50	"	United Lt. & Pr. "A" Com.	2½	125.00
16⅔	"	Radio Corp.	7	122.00
				$20,893.62
		Balance in Ipswich Savings Bank		1,016.30
				$21,909.92

CHARLES M. KELLY, *Treasurer.*

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give, devise and bequeath to the Ipswich Historical Society, Inc., the sum of
to be applied to the erection and maintenance of a fireproof Memorial Building.

.....

MEMBERS

LIFE MEMBERS

William Sumner Appleton Boston, Mass.
Albert Farwell Bemis Boston, Mass.
Ralph W. Burnham Ipswich, Mass.
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Frank C. Farley New York City, N. Y.
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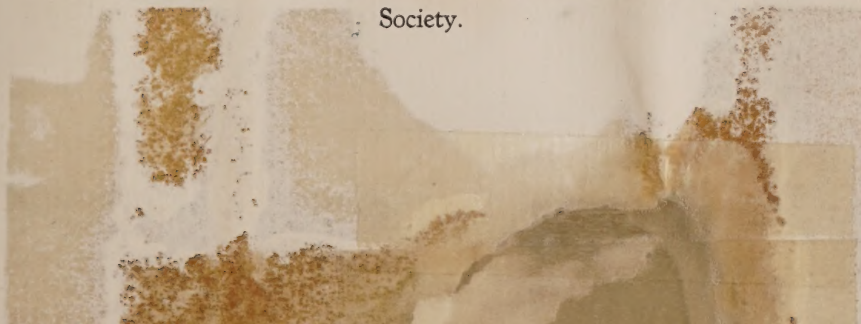
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